

P O E M S,
S O N G S
A N D
S O N N E T S,
Together with a
Masque.

By THOMAS CAREW, Esq;
One of the Gentlemen of the Privy-
Chamber, and Sewer in Ordinary
to His late Majesty.

The Songs set in Musick by Mr *Henry Lawes*,
Gentleman of the Kings Chappel, and one of
His late Majesties Private Musick.

The Fourth Edition revised and enlarged.

L O N D O N,
Printed for *Henry Herringman* at the Sign
of the *Blew Anchor* in the New-
Exchange. 1670.

P O E M S

S O N G S

A N D

S O N N E T S

Malpue

By Thomas Campbell Esq.
One of the Gentlemen of the Privy
Chamber and Secretary to His Majesty.

The Songs are in MS. by Mr. Henry James
Gentleman of the Kings Chapel, and one of
His Majesties Private Musicians.

The Fourth Edition revised and enlarged.

L O N D O N

Printed for Henry Harewood at the Sign
of the Black Anchor in the New
Exchange. 1670.

POEMS.

The SPRING.

NOW that the Winter's gone, the Earth hath lost
Her snow-white Robes, & now no more the frost
Candies the Grass, or casts an Icy Cream
Upon the Silver Lake, or Crystal Stream :

But the warm Sun thaws the benumbed Earth,
And makes it tender, gives a sacred Birth
To the dead Swallow, wakes in hollow Tree
The drowsie Cuckow, and the Humble Bee.
Now do a Quire of chirping Minstrels bring
In triumph to the World, the youthful Spring:
The Vallies, Hills, and Woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the long'd for *May*.
Now all things smile; only my Love doth lowre:
Nor hath the scalding Noon-day-Sun the power,
To melt that Marble Ice, which still doth hold
Her Heart congeal'd, and makes her Pity cold.
The Oxe which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely lye

In open fields, and love no more is made
 By the fire-side ; but in the cooler shade
Amyntas now doth with his *Cloris* sleep
 Under a Sycamore, and all things keep
 Time with the season, only she doth carry
June in her Eyes, in her Heart *January*.

To A. L.

Perswasions to Love.

THink not, 'cause men flatt'ring say
 Y'are fresh as *April*, sweet as *May*,
 Bright as is the Morning-star,
 That you are so ; or though you are,
 Be not therefore proud, and deem
 All men unworthy your esteem :
 For being so, you lose the pleasure
 Of being fair, since that rich Treasure
 Of rare Beauty and sweet Feature,
 Was bestow'd on you by Nature
 To be enjoy'd, and 'twere a sin
 There to be scarce, where she hath been
 So prodigal of her best graces ;
 Thus common Beauties, and mean faces

(3)

Shall have more pastime, and enjoy
The sport you lose by being coy.
Did the thing for which I sue
Onely concern my self, not you;
Were Men so fram'd as they alone
Reap'd all the pleasure, Women none,
Then had you reason to be scant;
But 'twere a madness not to grant
That which affords (if you consent)
To you the giver, more content
Than me the begger; Oh then be
Kind to your self, if not to me;
Starve not your self, because you may
Thereby make me pine away;
Nor let brittle Beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake:
For that lovely face will fail;
Beauty's sweet, but Beauty's frail;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done
Than Summers Rain, or Winters Sun;
Most fleeting, when it is most dear,
'Tis gone, while we but say 'tis here.
These curious Locks so aptly twin'd,
Whose every Hair a Soul doth bind,

Will change their abourn hue, and grow
 White, and cold as Winters snow.
 That eye which now is *Cupid's* nest
 Will prove his Grave, and all the rest
 Will follow; in the Cheek, Chin, Nose,
 Nor Lilly shall be found, nor Rose;
 And what will then become of all
 Those, whom now you servants call?
 Like Swallows when your Summer's done
 They'l fly, and seek some warmer Sun.
 Then wisely chuse one to your friend,
 Whose Love may (when your Beauties end)
 Remain still firm: be provident
 And think before the Summer's spent
 Of following Winter; like the Ant
 In plenty, hoard for time of scant.
 Cull out amongst the multitude
 Of Lovers, that seek to intrude
 Into your favour, one that may
 Love for an age, not for a day;
 One that will quench your youthful fires,
 And feed in age your hot desires:
 For when the storms of time have mov'd
 Waves on that cheek which was belov'd,

When a fair Ladies face is pin'd,
 And yellow spread where red once shin'd.
 When Beaury, Youth, and all sweets leave her,
 Love may return, but Lovers never :
 And old folks say there are no pains
 Like itch of Love in aged veins.
 Oh love me then, and now begin it,
 Let us not lose this present minute :
 For Time and Age will work that wrack
 Which Time or Age shall ne'r call back.
 The Snake each year fresh skin resumes,
 And Eagles change their aged Plumes ;
 The faded Rose each Spring receives
 A fresh red tincture on her leaves :
 But if your Beauties once decay,
 You never know a second *May*.
 Oh, then be wise, and whilst your season
 Affords you days for sport, do reason ;
 Spend not in vain your lives short hour,
 But crop in time your Beauties flow'r :
 Which will away, and doth together
 Both Bud and Fade ; both Blow and Wither.

Lips and Eyes.

IN *Celia's* face a question did arise
 Which were more beautiful, her Lips or Eyes :
 We (said the Eyes) send forth those pointed Darts
 Which pierce the hardest Adamantine hearts :
 From us (reply'd the Lips) proceed those blisses,
 Which Lovers reap by kind words and sweet kisses.
 Then wept the Eyes, and from their Springs did pour
 Of liquid Oriental Pearl a shower.
 Whereat the Lips mov'd with delight and pleasure,
 Through a sweet smile unlock'd their Pearly Treasure ;
 And bade Love judge, whether did add more grace,
 Weeping or smiling Pearls in *Celia's* face.

A Divine Mistress.

IN Nature's peeces still I see
 Some error, that might mended be ;
 Something my wish could still remove,
 Alter or add ; but my fair Love
 Was fram'd by hands far more Divine ;
 For she hath every beauteous Line :
 Yet I had been far happier
 Had Nature that made me, made her ;

Then

Then likeness might (that love creates) ;
 Have made her love what now she hates:
 Yet I confess I cannot spare
 From her just shape the smallest hair;
 Nor need I beg from all the store
 Of Heaven, for her one Beauty more:
 She hath too much Divinity for me,
 You Gods teach her some more Humanity.

SONG.
A Beautiful Mistress.

IF when the Sun at noon displays
 His brighter rays,
 Thou but appear,
 He then all pale with shame and fear,
 Quencheth his light,
 Hides his dark brow, flies from thy sight,
 And grows more dim
 Compar'd to thee, then stars to him.
 If thou but shew thy face again,
 When darkness doth at midnight Reign,
 The darkness flies, and light is hurl'd,
 Round about the silent World:
 So as alike thou driv'st away,
 Both light and darkness, night and day.

A Cruel Mistress.

WE read of Kings, and Gods, that kindly took
 A Pitcher fill'd with water from the Brook :
 But I have daily tendred without thanks
 Rivers of Tears that overflow their banks.
 A slaughter'd Bull will appease angry *Jove* :
 A Horse the Sun, a Lamb the God of love :
 But she disdains the spotless sacrifice
 Of a pure heart, that at her Altar lies.
Vesta is not displeas'd if her chaste urn
 Do with repaired Fuel ever burn ;
 But my Saint frowns, though to her honour'd name
 I consecrate a never-dying flame.
 Th' Assyrian King did none i'th' Furnace throw,
 But those that to his Image did not bow ;
 With bended knees I daily worship her,
 Yet she consumes her own Idolater.
 Of such a Goddess no times leave record,
 That burnt the Temple where she was ador'd.

SONG.

SONG.

Murdring Beauty.

I'L gaze no more on her bewitching face,
 Since ruine harbours there in every place:
 For my enchanted soul alike she drowns
 With calmes and tempests of her smiles and frowns.
 I'l love no more those cruel eyes of hers,
 Which pleas'd, or anger'd, still are Murderers:
 For if she dart (like lightning) through the air
 Her beams of wrath, she kills me with despair;
 If she behold me with a pleasing eye,
 I surfet with excess of joy, and dye.

*My Mistriss commanding me to return
 her Letters.*

SO grieves th' adventrous Merchant, when he throws
 All the long-toyld-for treasure his ship stows,
 Into the angry main, to save from wrack
 Himself and men; as I grieve to give back
 These Letters: yet so pow'rful is your sway,
 As if you bid me die; I must obey.
 Goe then blest papers, you shall kiss those hands
 That gave you freedome, but hold me in bands;

Which

Which with a touch did give you life, but I,
 Because I may not touch those hands, must die.
 Me thinks, as if they knew they should be sent
 Home to their native soil from banishment,
 I see them smile, like dying Saints, that know
 They are to leave the earth, and tow'rd Heaven goe.
 When you return, pray tell your Sovereign,
 And mine, I gave you courteous entertain;
 Each line receiv'd a tear, and then a kiss,
 First bath'd in that, it scap'd unscorch'd from this:
 I kist it, because your hand had been there,
 But, 'cause it was not now, I shed a tear.
 Tell her no length of time, nor change of ay,
 No cruelty, disdain, absence, despair,
 No nor her stedfast constancy can deter
 My vassal heart from ever hon'ring her.
 Though these be pow'rful arguments to prove
 I love in vain; yet I must ever love.
 Say, if she frown, when you that word rehearse,
 Service in Prose, is oft call'd love in verse:
 Then pray her, since I send back on my part
 Her papers, she will send me back my heart.
 If she refuse, warn her to come before
 The God of Love, whom thus I will implore.

Trav'ling thy Countries road (*great God*) I spi'd
 By chance this Lady, and walk'd by her side
 From place to place, fearing no violence,
 For I was well-arm'd, and had made defence
 In former fights, 'gainst fiercer foes, than she
 Did at our first incounter seem to be:
 But going farther, every step reveal'd
 Some hidden weapon, till that time conceal'd,
 Seeing those outward armes, I did begin
 To fear, some greater strength was lodg'd within.
 Looking unto her mind, I might survey
 An hoast of beauties that in ambush lay;
 And won the day before they fought the field:
 For I unable to resist, did yield.
But the insulting tyrant so destroyes
My conquer'd mind, my ease, my peace, my joyes;
Breaks my sweet sleeps, invades my harmless rest,
Robs me of all the treasure of my brest;
Spares not my heart, nor yet a greater wrong;
 For having stoln my heart, she binds my tongue.
But at the last her melting eyes unseal'd
 My lips, enlarg'd my tongue, then I reveal'd
 To her own ears the story of my harms
 Wrought by her vertues, and her beauties charms,

Now hear (Just Judge) an act of savageness,
 When I complain, in hope to find redress,
 She bends her angry brow, and from her eye
 Shoots thousand darts, I then well hop'd to die;
 But in such sovereign balm Love dips his snor,
 That, though they wound a heart, they kill it not;
 She saw the blood gush forth from many a wound,
 Yet fled, and left me bleeding on the ground,
 Nor sought my cure, nor saw me since; 'tis true,
Absence and time (two cunning Leeches) drew
 The flesh together, yet sure though the skin
 Be clos'd without, the wound festers within.
 Thus hath this cruel Lady us'd a true
 Servant, and subject to her self, and you,
 Nor know I (great Love) if my life be lent
 To shew thy mercy, or my punishment;
 If this enditement fright her, so as she
 Seem willing to return my heart to me,
 But cannot find it, (for perhaps it may,
 *Mongst other trifling hearts, be out o' th' way)
 If she repent, and would make me amends,
Bid her but send me hers, and we are friends:

Secresie protested.

Fear not (dear Love) that I'll reveal
 Those houres of pleasure we two steal;
 No eye shall see, nor yet the Sun
 Descry, what thou and I have done;
 No Ear shall hear our love, but we
 Silent as the night will be;
 The God of love himself (whose dart
 Did first wound mine, and then thy heart)
 Shall never know, that we can tell,
 What sweets in stoln embraces dwell:
 This only meanes may find it out,
 If when I die, Physicians doubt
 What caus'd my death, and there to view
 Of all their judgments which was true,
 Rip up my heart, O then I fear
 The world will see thy picture there.

A Prayer to the Wind.

Goe thou gentle whispering Wind,
 Bear this sigh; and if thou find
 Where my cruel fair doth rest
 Cast it in her snowie brest,

So,

So, inflam'd by my desire,
 It may set her heart a-fire :
 Those sweet kisses thou shalt gain,
 Will reward thee for thy pain.
 Boldly light upon her lip,
 There suck odours, and thence skip
 To her bosome, lastly fall
 Down, and wander over all ;
 Range about those Ivory hills
 From whose every part distils
 Amber dew ; there Spices grow,
 There pure streams of Nectar flow ;
 There perfume thy self, and bring
 All those sweets upon thy wing :
 As thou return'st, change by thy pow'r
 Every weed into a flow'r ;
 Turn each Thistle to a Vine,
 Make the Bramble Eglantine.
 For so rich a booty made,
 Doe but this, and I am paid.
 Thou canst with thy pow'rful blast ;
 Heat apace, and coole as fast :
 Thou canst kindle hidden flame,
 And again destroy the same :

Then

Then for pity, either stir
 Up the fire of love in her,
 That alike both flames may shine;
 Or else quite extinguish mine.

Mediocrity in Love rejected.

S O N G.

Give me more Love, or more Disdain,
 The Torrid, or the Frozen Zone
 Bring equal ease unto my pain ;

The temperate affords me none :
 Either extreme, of Love, or Hate,
 Is sweeter than a calme estate.

Give me a storm ; if it be love,
 Like Danae in that golden shower,
 I swim in pleasure ; if it prove

Disdain, that Torrent will devour
 My Vulture-hopes ; and he's possess'd
 Of Heaven, that's but from Hell releas'd :
 Then crown my joys, or cure my pain ;
 Give me more love, or more disdain.

Ja. F. B. 24.

S O N G.

SONG.

Good counsel to a young Maid.

GAze not on thy beauties pride,
 Tender Maid, in the false tide
 That from Lovers eyes doth slide.

Let thy faithful Chrystal show,
 How thy colours come, and goe.
 Beauty takes a soyle from woe.

Love, that in those smooth streames lies,
 Under pities fair disguise,
 Will thy melting heart surprize.

Nets of passions finest thred,
 Snaring Poems will be spread,
 All, to catch thy maiden-head.

Then beware, for those that cure
 Loves disease, themselves endure
 For reward a Calenture.

Rather

*Rather let the lover pine,
Than his pale cheek should assigne
A perpetual blush to thine.*

To my Mistriss sitting by a Rivers side.

An E D D Y.

Mark how yond Eddy steals away,
From the rude stream into the Bay,
There lock'd up safe, she doth divorce
Her waters from the chanel's course,
And scorns the Torrent that did bring
Her headlong from her native spring.
Now doth she with her new Love play,
Whil'st he runs murmuring away.
Mark how she courts the banks, whil'st they
As amorously their arms display,
T'embrace and clip her silver waves:
See how she strokes their sides, and craves
An entrance there, which they deny;
Whereat she frowns, threatening to fly
Home to her stream, and 'gins to swim
Backward, but from the chanel's brim,

Smiling returns into the Creek,
 With thousand dimples on her cheek,
 Be thou this Eddy, and I'll make
 My breast thy shore, where thou shalt take
 Secure repose, and never dream
 Of the quite forsaken stream :
 Let him to the wide Ocean haste,
 There lose his colour, name, and taste ;
 Thou shalt save all, and save from him,
 Within these arms for ever swim.

S O N G.

Conquest by flight.

Ladies, fly from love's smooth tale,
 Oaths steep'd in tears do oft prevail ;
 Grief is infectious, and the air
 Enflam'd with sighs, will blast the fair :
 Then stop your cares, when lovers cry,
 Lest your self weep, when no soft eye
 Shall wish a sorrowing tear repay
 That pity which you cast away.

Young men fly, when beauty darts
 Amorous glances at your hearts :

*The fixt mark gives the shooter aim,
 And Ladies looks have power to maim;
 Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
 Wrapt in a smile, or kiss, Love lies;
 Then fly betimes, for only they
 Conquer love that ran away.*

S O N G.

To my inconstant Mistress.

W*Hen thou, poor excommunicate
 From all the joys of love, shalt see
 The full reward and glorious fate,
 Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
 Then curse thine own inconstancy.*

*A fairer hand than thine shall cure,
 That heart, which thy false oaths did wound;
 And to my soul, a soul more pure
 Than thine, shall by loves hand be bound,
 And both with equal glory crown'd.*

*Then shalt thou weep, entreat, complain
To love, as I did once to thee;
When all thy tears shall be as vain
As mine were then, for thou shalt be
Damn'd for thy false Apostasie.*

S O N G.

Perswasions to Enjoy.

I*F the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must die:
If every sweet, and every grace,
Must fly from that forsaken face:
Then (Celia) let us reap our Joys,
E'r time such goodly fruit destroyes.
Or, if that golden Fleece must grow
For ever, free from aged Snow;
If those bright Suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade;
Then fear not (Celia) to bestow,
What still being gather'd still must grow.
Thus, either Time his Sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his Wings:*

A Deposition from Love,

I Was foretold, your Rebel sex
 Nor Love nor Pity knew;
 And with what scorn you use to vex
 Poor hearts that humbly sue;
 Yet I believ'd to crown our pain,
 Could we the fortrefs win,
 The happy Lover sure should gain
 A Paradise within :

I thought Loves plagues like Dragons fate,
 Only to fright us at the gate.

But I did enter, and enjoy
 What happy Lovers prove ;
 For I could kiss, and sporr, and toy,
 And taste those sweets of love ;
 Which had they but a lasting state,
 Or if in *Celia's* brest
 The force of love might not abate,
Love were too mean a guest.

But now her breach of faith, far more
 Afflicts, than did her scorn before.

Hard fate ! to have been once possesst,

As victor, of a heart

Atchiev'd with labor and unrest,

And then, forc'd to depart.

If the stout Foe will not resigne

When I besiege a Town,

I lose but what was never mine ;

But he that is cast down

From enjoy'd Beauty, feels a woe,

Only deposed Kings can know.

Ingrateful Beauty threatned.

KNow *Celia*, (since thou art so proud,) F

'Twas I that gave thee thy renown: O

Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd A

Of common Beauties, liv'd unknown, So

Had not my verse exhal'd thy name, B

And with it ympt the wings of Fame. H

That killing power is none of thine,

I gave it to thy Voice and Eyes:

Thy Sweets, thy Graces, all are mine ;

Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies ;

Then

Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
Lightning on him that fixt thee there,

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Left what I made, I uncreate :
Let fools thy mystique forms adore,
He know thee in thy mortal state ;
Wise Poets that wrapt Truth in Tales,
Knew her themselves through all her Vails.

Disdain returned.

HE that loves a Rosie cheek,
Or a Coral Lip admires,
Or from Star-like Eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires ;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his Flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires,

Where

Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely Cheeks, or Lips, or Eyes.

No Tears, *Celia*, now shall win
 My resolv'd heart, to return;
 I have search'd thy soul within,
 And find nought but pride, and scorn;
 I have learn'd thy Arts, and now
 Can disdain as much as thou,
 Some pow'r, in my revenge convey
 That love to her, I cast away.

A Looking-glass.

That flatt'ring Glas, whose smooth face wears
 Your shadow, which a Sun appears,
 Was once a River of my Tears.

About your cold heart they did make
 A Circle where the briny Lake
 Congeal'd into a chrystal cake.

Gaze no more on that killing Eye,
 For fear the native cruelty
 Doom you, as it doth all, to dye.

For fear lest the fair object move
 Your froward heart to fall in love,
 Then you your self my Rival prove.

Look rather on my pale cheeks pin'd,
 There view your beauties, there you'll find
 A fair face, but a cruel mind.

Be not for ever frozen, coy,
 One beam of love will soon destroy
 And melt that yce, to founts of joy.

*An Elegy on the La: P E N: sent to my
 Mistress out of France.*

L Et him, who from his Tyrant Mistress did
 This day receive his cruel doom, forbid
 His Eyes to weep that loss, and let him here
 Open those fount-gates, to bedew this Beer;
 So shall those drops, which else would be but brine,
 Be turn'd to Manna, falling on her shrine.
 Let him, who banisht far from her dear sight
 Whom his soul loves, doth in that absence write,

Or lines of passion, or some pow'rful charms,
 To vent his own grief, or unlock her arms,
 Take off his Pen, and in sad Verse bemoane
 This general sorrow, and forget his own;
 So may those Verses live, which else must die :
 For though the Muses give Eternity,
 When they embalm with Verse, yet she could give
 Life unto that Muse, by which others live.
 Oh pardon me (fair soul) that boldly have
 Dropt, though but one Tear, on thy silent grave;
 And writ on that Earth, which such honour had,
 To cloath that flesh wherein thy self was clad.
 And pardon me (sweet Saint) whom I adore,
 That I this Tribute pay out of the store,
 Of Lines and Tears, that's only due to thee ;
 Oh, do not think it new Idolatry ;
 Though you are only Sovereign of this Land,
 Yet universal losses may command
 A subsidy from every private Eye,
 And press each Pen to write, so to supply,
 And feed the common grief; if this excuse
 Prevail not, take these Tears to your own use,
 As shed for you; for when I saw her dye,
 I then did think on your mortality

For since nor Vertue, Wir, nor Beauty, could
 Preserve from death's hand, this their Heavenly mould,
 Where they were framed all, and where they dwelt,
 I then knew you must die too, and did melt
 Into these Tears: but thinking on that day,
 And when the Gods resolv'd to take away
 A Saint from us, I that did know what dearth
 There was of such good souls upon the earth,
 Began to fear lest Death, their Officer,
 Might have mistook, and taken thee for her;
 So hadst thou rob'd us of that happiness
 Which she in Heaven, and I in thee possess.
 But what can Heaven to her Glory adde?
 The Praises she hath Dead, Living she had. *R*
 To say she's now an Angel, is no more
 Praise than she had, for she was one before;
 Which of the Saints can shew more votaries
 Than she had here? even those that did despise
 The Angels, and may her now she is one,
 Did, whilst she liv'd, with pure Devotion
 Adore, and worship her; her vertues had
 All honour here, for this world was too bad
 To hate, or envy her; these cannot rise
 So high, as to repine at Deities:

But

But now she's 'mongst her fellow Saints, they may
 Be good enough to envy her; this way
 There's loss i' th' change, 'twixt Heav'n and Earth, if she
 Should leave her servants here below, to be
 Hated of her Competitors above;
 But sure her matchless goodness needs must move
 Those blest souls to admire her excellence;
 By this means only can her journey hence
 To Heaven prove gain, if as she was but here
 Worship'd by men, she be by Angels there.
 But I must weep no more over this urn,
 My Tears to their own Channel must return;
 And having ended these sad obsequies,
 My Muse must back to her old exercise,
 To tell the story of my Martyrdome.
 But oh thou Idol of my soul, become
 Once pitiful, that she may change her stile,
 Dry up her blubber'd Eyes, and learn to smile:
 Rest then blest soul; for as Ghosts fly away,
 When the Thrill Cock proclaims the Infant-day;
 So must I hence, for loe I see from far,
 The minions of the Muses coming are,
 Each of them bringing to her sacred Herse
 In either Eye a Tear, each Hand a Verse.

To my Mistriss in absence.

THough I must live here, and by force
 Of your command suffer divorce ;
 Though I am parted, yet my mind
 (That's more my self) still stays behind ;
 I breath in you, you keep my heart ;
 'Twas but a Carcass that did part.
 Then though our bodies are dis-joyn'd,
 As things that are to place confin'd ;
 Yet let our boundless spirits meet,
 And in loves sphere each other greet ;
 There let us work a mystique wreath,
 Unknown unto the World beneath ;
 There let our claspt Loves sweetly twine ;
 There our secret thoughts unseen,
 Like Nets be weav'd and inter-twin'd,
 Wherewith we catch each others mind :
 There whilst our souls do sit and kiss,
 Tasting a sweet and subtle bliss
 (Such as gross Lovers cannot know,
 Whose Hands and Lips meet here below ;)
 Let us look down, and mark what pain
 Our absent bodies here sustain,

And

And smile to see how far away
 The one doth from the other stray;
 Yet burn, and languish with desire
 To joyn and quench their mutual fire:
 There let us joy to see from far
 Our emulous Flames at loving warre,
 Whilst both with equal luster Thine,
 Mine bright as yours, yours bright as mine.
 There seated in those Heavenly bowers,
 We'l cheat the lag, and lingring hours,
 Making our bitter absence sweet,
 Till souls, and bodies both, may meet.

To her in absence.

A S H I P.

TOft in a troubled sea of griefs, I float
 Far from the shoar in a storm-beaten boat,
 Where my sad thoughts doe (like the compass) show
 The severall points from which cross winds do blow.
 My heart doth like the Needle toucht with love,
 Still fixt on you, point which way I would move.
 You are the bright Pole-star which in the dark
 Of this long absence, guides my wandring bark.

Love

Love is the Pilot, but o'come with fear
 Of your displeasure, dares not homewards steer;
 My fearful hope hangs on my trembling sail;
 Nothing is wanting but a gentle gale,
 Which pleasant breath must blow from your sweet Lip.
 Bid it but move, and quick as thought, this Ship
 Into your Arms, which are my Port, will flye,
 Where it for ever shall at Anchor lye.

S O N G.

Eternity of Love protested.

How ill doth he deserve a Lovers name,
 Whose pale weak flame
 Cannot retain

His heat in spite of absence or disdain;
But doth at once, like Paper set on fire,
 Burn and expire;

True Love can never change his seat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.
That noble Flame which my Brest keeps alive

Shall still survive,
 When my soul's fled;
Nor shall my love dye, when my body's dead,

That shall wait on me to the lower shade

And never fade

My very ashes in their urn

Shall, like a hallowed Lamp, for ever burn.

*Upon some alteration in my Mistress, after
my departure into France.*

O H gentle Love, do not forsake the guide
Of my frail Bark, on which the swelling Tide
Of ruthless pride
Doth beat, and threaten wrack from every side.
Gulfs of disdain do gape to overwhelm
This boat, nigh sunk with grief, whilst at the helm
Dispair commands,
And round about, the shifting sands,
Of faithless Love and false Inconstancy,
With Rocks of Cruelty
Stop up my passage to the neighbor Lands.
My sighs have rais'd those winds, whose fury bears
My sail's o'r-board, and in their place spreads tears,
And from my tears
This sea is sprung, where nought but death appears;
A misty cloud of anger hides the light
Of my fair star, and every where black night

Usurps the place
 Of those bright rayes, which once did grace
 My forth-bound ship, but when it could no more
 Behold the vanisht shore,
 In the deep flood she drown'd her beamy face.

Good Counsel to a young Maid.

When you the Sun-burnt Pilgrim see,
 Fainting with thirst, haste to the Springs;
 Mark how at first with bended knee
 He courts the crystal Nymphs, and flings
 His body to the Earth, where he
 Prostrate adores the flowing Deity.
 But when this sweaty face is drencht
 In her cool waves, when from her sweet
 Bosome his burning thirst is quencht;
 Then mark how with disdainful feet
 He kicks her banks, and from the place
 That thus refresht him, moves with sullen pace.
 So shalt thou be despis'd, fair Maid;
 When by the sated Lover tasted;
 What first he did with Tears invade,
 Shall afterwards with scorn be wasted;

When all the Virgin-springs grow dry,
When no streams shall be left, but in thine eye.

Celia bleeding, to the Surgeon.

Fond man, that canst beleave her blood
Will from those Purple Channels flow,
Or that the pure untainted flood
Can any foul distemper know;
Or that thy weak steel can incize
The Crystal case, wherein it lies.

Know; her quick blood, proud of his fear,
Runs dancing through her azure veins;
Whose harmony no cold, nor heat
Disturbs, whose hue no tincture stains;
And the hard Rock wherein it dwels,
The keenest Darts of Love repels.

But thou reply'st, behold she bleeds;
Fool, thou'rt deceiv'd, and dost not know
The mystique knot whence this proceeds,
How Lovers in each other grow;

Thou

Thou struckst her Arm, but 'twas my heart
Shed all the blood, felt all the smart.

To T. H. *A Lady, resembling*
my Mistress.

FAIR Copy of my *Celia's* Face,
Twin of my Soul, thy perfect Grace

Claims in my Love an equal Place,

Disdain not a divided Heart,
Though all be Hers, you shall have part;
Love is not ry'd to rules of Art.

For as my soul first to her flew,
Yet stay'd with me ; so now 'tis true
It dwells with Her, though fled to You,

Then entertain this wandring Guest,
And if not Love, allow it Rest ;
It left not, but mistook the Nest.

Nor think my Love, or your fair Eyes
Cheaper, 'cause from the sympathies
You hold with her, these Flames arise.

To Lead or Brass, or some such bad
Metal, a Princes stamp may add
That value which it never had.

But to the pure refined Oar,
The stamp of Kings imparts no more
Worth, than the Metal held before.

Only the Image gives the rate
To Subjects, in a forrain State
'Tis priz'd as much for its own weight.

So though all other hearts resigne
To your pure worth, yet you have mine
Only because you are her coyn.

To Saxham.

THough Frost and Snow, lock'd from mine eyes
That Beauty which without dore lies,

The Gardens, Orchards, Walks, that so
 I might not all thy pleasures know;
 Yet (*Saxham*) thou, within thy gate,
 Art of thy self so delicate,
 So full of native sweets, that bless
 Thy roof with inward happiness;
 As neither from, nor to thy store,
 Winter takes ought, or Spring adds more.
 The cold and frozen Air had starv'd
 Much poor, if not by thee preserv'd;
 Whose Prayers have made thy Table blest
 With plenty, far above the rest,
 The season hardly did afford
 Course eates unto thy neighbors board,
 Yet thou hadst dainties, as the sky
 Had only been thy Volary;
 Or else the birds, fearing the snow
 Might to another deluge grow,
 The Pheasant, Partridge, and the Lark,
 Flew to thy house, - as to the Ark:
 The willing Oxe, of himself came
 Home to the slaughter, with the Lamb,
 And every beast did thither bring
 Himself to be an offering.

The scaly Herd more pleasure took
 Bath'd in thy dish, than in the brook.
 Water, Earth, Air, did all conspire,
 To pay their Tributes to thy fire,
 Whose cherishing flames themselves divide
 Through every room, where they deride
 The night, and cold abroad; whilst they,
 Like Suns within, keep endless day.
 Those chearful beams send forth their light,
 To all that wander in the night,
 And seem to becken from aloof,
 The weary Pilgrim to thy roof;
 Where if refresh't, he will away,
 He's fairly welcome, or, if stay,
 Far more, which he shall hearty find,
 Both from the Master and the Hind:
 The stranger's welcome, each man there
 Stamp'd on his chearful brow, doth wear,
 Nor doth this welcome, or his cheer
 Grow less, cause he stays longer here.
 There's none observes (much less repines)
 How often this man Sups or Dines.
 Thou hast no Porter at the door
 To examine, or keep back the poor;

Nor Locks, nor Bolts; thy Gates have been
 Made only to let Strangers in;
 Untaught to shut, they do not fear
 To stand wide open all the year;
 Careless who enters, for they know,
 Thou never didst deserve a Foe;
 And as for Theeves, thy Bounty's such,
 They cannot steal, thou giv'st so much,

Upon a Ribband.

THis Silken Wreath, which circles in mine Arm;
 Is but an Emblem of that mystique charm,
 Wherewith the Magick of your Beauties binds
 My captive soul, and round about it winds
 Fetters of lasting Love; this hath intwin'd
 My flesh alone, that hath impal'd my mind:
 Time may wear out these soft weak bands; but those
 Strong chains of Brass, Fate shall not discompose.
 This only relique may preserve my wrist,
 But my whole frame doth by that pow'r subsist:
 To That my Prayers and Sacrifice, to this
 I only pay a superstitious kiss:

This

This but the Idol, that's the Deity;
 Religion there is due, here Ceremony,
 That I receive by Faith, this But in Trust;
 Here I may tender Duty, there I must:
 This order as a Lay-man I may bear,
 But I become Loves Priest when That I wear.
 This moves like Air, that as the Center stands;
 That knot your Vertue ty'd, this but your Hands;
 That Nature fram'd, but this was made by Art;
 This makes my Arm your prisoner, that my Heart.

*To the King at his entrance into Saxham,
 by Master Jo. Crofts.*

S I R,
 Ere you pass this threshold, stay,
 And give your Creature leave to pay
 Those pious Rites, which unto you,
 As to our household Gods, are due.

In stead of Sacrifice, each brest
 Is like a flaming Altar drest.

With zealous fires, which from pure hearts
Love mixt with Loyalty imparts.

Incense, nor Gold have we, yet bring
As rich and sweet an offering ;
And such as doth both these exprefs,
Which is our humble thankfulness ;
By which is paid the All we owe
To Gods above, or men below.

The slaughter'd beast, whose flesh should feed
The hungry flames, we, for pure need,
Dress for your supper, and the gore,
Which should be dash'd on every dore,
We change into the lusty blood
Of youthful Vines, of which a flood
Shall sprightly run through all your veins,
First to your health, then your fair Trains.

We shall want nothing but good fare,
To shew your welcome, and our care ;
Such rarities that come from far,
From poor mens houses banisht are,
Yet we'll exprefs in homely chear,
How glad we are to see you here.
We'll have what e'r the season yields,
Out of the neighbouring woods, and fields ;

For all the dainties of your board,
Will only be what those afford;
And having suppt, we may perchance
Present you with a Countrey dance.

Thus much your servants, that bear sway
Here in your absence, bade me say,
And beg besides, you'd hither bring
Only the Mercy of a King,
And not the Greatness; since they have
A thousand faults, must pardon crave;
But nothing that is fit to wait
Upon the glory of your state.
Yet your gracious favour will,
They hope, as heretofore, shine still
On their endeavors, for they swore
Should *Jove* descend, they could no more.

Upon the sickness of (E.S.)

Must she then languish, and we sorrow thus,
And no kind God help her, nor pity us?
Is Justice fled from Heaven? can that permit
A foul deformed ravisher to sit

Upon her Virgin cheek, and pull from thence
 The Rose-buds in their Maiden excellence ?
 To spread cold paleness on her Lips, and chase
 The frightened Rubies from their native place ?
 To lick up with his searching Flames a Flood
 Of dissolv'd Coral, flowing in her Blood ;
 And with the damps of his infectious breath,
 Print on her Brow moist Characters of death ?
 Must the clear Light, 'gainst course of nature, cease
 In her fair Eyes, and yet the Flames encrease ?
 Must Feaver shake this goodly Tree, and all
 That ripened fruit from the fair Branches fall,
 Which Princes have desir'd to taste ? must she
 Who hath preserv'd her spotless chastity
 From all solicitation, now at last
 By Agues and Diseases be embrac'd ?
 Forbid it Holy *Dian* ; else who shall
 Pay Vows, or let one grain of Incense fall
 On thy neglected Altars, if thou bless
 No better this thy zealous Votarefs ?
 Hasten then, O Maiden Goddess, to her aid,
 Let on thy Quiver her pale Cheek be laid ;
 And rock her fainting Body in thine Arms ;
 Then let the God of Musick with still charms

Her restless Eyes in peaceful slumbers close,
 And with soft strains sweeten her calm repose,
Cupid descend; and whilst *Apollo* sings,
 Fanning the cool Air with thy panting wings,
 Ever supply her with refreshing wind;
 Let thy fair Mother with her Tresses bind
 Her labouring Temples, with whose balmy sweat
 She shall perfume her hairy Coronet,
 Whose precious drops shall upon every fold
 Hang like rich Pearls about a wreath of Gold;
 Her looser Locks, as they unbraced lye,
 Shall spread themselves into a Canopy,
 Under whose shadow let her rest secure
 From chilling Cold, or burning Calenture;
 Unless she freeze with Yce of chaste desires,
 Only Holy *Hymen* kindle Nuptial fires,
 And when at last Death comes to pierce her heart,
 Convey into his hand thy Golden Darr.

A Newyears Sacrifice.

To Lucinda.

Those that can give, open their hands this day,
 Those that cannot, yet hold them up to pray;

That

That health may crown the seasons of this year,
 And mirth dance round the Circle, that no tear
 (Unless of Joy) may with its briny dew
 Discolour on your cheek the Rosie hue ;
 That no access of years presume to abate
 Your Beauties ever-flourishing estate :
 Such cheap and vulgar wishes, I could lay,
 As trivial offerings at your feet this day ;
 But that it were Apostasie in me,
 To send a Prayer to any Deity
 But your Divine self, who have power to give
 Those blessings unto others, such as live
 Like me, by the sole influence of your eyes,
 Whose fair aspects govern our destinies.

Such Incense, Vows, and Holy Rites, as were
 To the involved Serpent of the year,
 Paid by Egyptian Priests, lay I before
Lucinda's sacred shrine, whilst I adore
 Her beauteous Eyes, and her pure Altars dress
 With Gums and Spice of humble Thankfulness ;
 So may my Godde's from her Heaven inspire
 My frozen bosome with a Delphique fire,
 And then the World shall, by that glorious Flame,
 Behold the blaze of thy immortal Name.

SONG.

To one, who, when I prais'd my Mistriss's
Beauty, said I was blind.

Wonder not, though I am blind,
For you must be
Dark in your Eyes, or in your mind;

If when you see
Her face, you prove not blind like me;
If the pow'rful beams that fly
From her eye,

And those amorous sweets that lye
Scatter'd in each neighbouring part,
Find a passage to your heart,

Then you'l confess your mortal sight
Too weak for such a glorious light :

For if her graces you discover,
You grow like me a dazl'd Lover;
But if those Beauties you not spy,
Then are you blinder far than I.

SONG.

S O N G.

To my Mistriss, I burning in Love.

I Burn, and cruel you, in vain,
 Hope to quench me with disdain;
 If from your Eyes those sparkles came
 That have kindled all this Flame,
 What boots it me, though now you shrowd
 Those fierce Comets in a Cloud?
 Since all the Flames that I have felt,
 Could your Snow yet never melt,
 Nor, can your Snow (though you should take
 Alps into your bosome) flake
 The heat of my enamour'd heart;
 But with wonder learn Loves Arts.
 No seas of Ice can cool Desire,
 Equal Flames must quench Loves Fire:
 Then think not that my heat can dye
 Till you burn as well as I,

S O N G.

To her again, she burning in a Feaver,

Now she burns as well as I,
 Yet my heat can never dye;
 She burns that never knew desire,
 She that was Ice, she that was Fire.
 She whose cold heart chaste thoughts did arm
 So, as Loves could never warm
 The frozen bosom where it dwelt,
 She burns; and all her Beauties melt:
 She burns, and crys, Loves fires are mild,
 Feavers are Gods, but he's a child.
 Love; let her know the difference
 Twixt the heat of soul and Sense,
 Touch her with thy flames Divine
 So shalt thou quench her fire, and mine.

Upon the Kings sickness.

Sickness, the Minister of death, doth lay
 So strong a siege against our brittle clay,

As whilst it doth our weak Forts singly win,
 It hopes at length to take all mankind in.
 First, it begins upon the womb to wait,
 And doth the unborn Child there uncreate;
 Then rocks the Cradle where the Infant lyes,
 Where, ere it fully be alive, it dies.
 It never leaves fond youth, until it have
 Found, or an early, or a latter grave.
 By thousand subtle flights from heedless man
 It cuts the short allowance of a span;
 And where both sober life, and Art combine
 To keep it out, Age makes them both resigne.
 Thus by degrees it only gain'd of late,
 The weak, the aged, or intemperate;
 But now the Tyrant hath found out a way
 By which the sober, strong, and young, decay,
 Ent'ring his Royal Limbs that is our head,
 Through us his mistique Limbs the pain is spread.
 That man that doth not feel his part, hath none
 In any part of his Dominion,
 If he hold Land, that Earth is forfeited,
 And he unfit on any ground to tread.
 This grief is felt at Court, where it doth move
 Through every joynt, like the true soul of love.

All those fair Stars that do attend on him,
 Whence they derive their light, wax pale and dim:
 That ruddy morning Beam of Majesty,
 Which should the Sun's eclipsed Light supply,
 Is over-cast with Mists, and in the lieu
 Of cheerful Rays, sends us down drops of Dew.
 That curious form made of an Earth refin'd,
 At whose blest Birth the gentle Planets shin'd
 With fair Aspects, and sent a Glorious Flame
 To animate so beautiful a frame;
 That Darling of the Gods and Men, doth wear
 A Cloud on's Brow, and in his Eye a Tear:
 And all the rest (save when his dread command
 Doth bid them move) like lifeless Statues stand.
 So full of grief, so generally worn,
 Shews a good King is sick, and good men mourn.

S O N G.

To a Lady not yet enjoy'd by her Husband.

*C*ome Celia, fix thine Eyes on mine,
 And through those Crystals our souls flitting
 Shall a pure wreath of Eye-beams twine,
 Our loving hearts together knitting.

*Let Eaglets the bright Sun survey,
Though the blind Mole discern not day.*

*When clear Aurora leaves her mate,
The light of her gray Eyes despising,
Yet all the world doth celebrate,
With sacrifice, her fair up-rising.
Let Eaglets, &c.*

*A Dragon kept the Golden Fruit,
Yet he those dainties never tasted,
As others pin'd in the pursuit
So he himself with plenty wasted.
Let Eaglets, &c,*

S O N G.

*The willing Prisoner to his
Mistress.*

L *Et fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,
Loving their own wild freedom better;
Whilst proud of my triumphant Chain
I sit and court my beauteous Fetter,*

*Her murdering glances, snaring hairs,
 And her bewitching smiles, so please me,
 As he brings ruine, that repairs
 The sweet afflictions that disease me.*

*Hide not those panting balls of snow
 With envious veils from my beholding ;
 Unlock those Lips, their pearly row
 In a sweet smile of love unfolding.*

*'And let those Eyes, whose motion wheels
 The restless Fate of every Lover,
 Survey the pains my sick heart feels,
 And wounds themselves have made, discover.*

A Fly that flew into my Mistress's her Eye.

WHEN this Fly liv'd, she us'd to play
 In the Sun-shine all the day ;
 Till coming neer my *Celia's* sight,
 She found a new and unknown light,
 So full of glory, as it made
 The noon-day Sun a gloomy shade ;
 Then this amorous fly became
 My Rival, and did court my flame.

She did from hand to bosome skip,
 And from her Breath, her Cheek, and Lip,
 Suck'd all the Incense, and the Spice,
 And grew a Bird of Paradise:
 At last into her eye she flew,
 There scorch'd in flames, and drown'd in Dew,
 Like *Phaeton* from the Sun's Sphere
 She fell, and with her dropt a Tear,
 Of which a Pearl was straight compos'd,
 Wherein her ashes lye enclos'd.
 Thus she receiv'd from *Celia's* Eye,
 Funeral Flame, Tomb Obsequie.

SONG.

Celia singing.

Heark how my *Celia*, with the choice
Musick of her hand and voice
 Stills the loud wind; and makes the wild
Insens'd Bore, and *Panther* mild:
 Mark how those statues like men move.
 Whilst men with wonder, statues prove!
 This stiff rock bends to worship her,
 That Idol turns Idolater.

Now see how all the new inspir'd
Images with Love are fir'd;
Hark how the tender Marble groans,
And all the late transformed Stones
Court the fair Nymph with many a Tear,
Which she (more stony than they were)
Beholds with unrelenting mind;
Whilst they, amaz'd to see combin'd
Such matchless Beauty with disdain,
Are all turn'd into Stones again.

S O N G.

Celia Singing.

You that think Love can convey,
No other way
 But through the Eyes, into the heart,
His fatal Dart,
 Close up those Casements, and but here
This Syren sing,
And on the wing
 Of her sweet voice, it shall appear
 That Love can enter at the ear :

Then

Then unveil your Eyes, behold

The curious mould

Where that voice dwells, and as we know,

When the Cocks crow,

We freely may

Gaze on the day :

So may you, When the Musick's done,

Awake and see the rising Sun:

SONG.

To one that desired to know my Mistress.

SEEK not to know my Love, for she
Hath vow'd her constant faith to me ;

Her mild aspects are mine, and thou

Shalt only find a stormy brow :

For if her beauty stirre desire

In me, her kisses quench the fire ;

Or, I can to Love's Fountain goe,

Or dwell upon her hills of snow ;

But when thou burnst, she shall not spare

One gentle breath to cool the Air ;

Thou shalt not climb those Alps, nor spy

Where the sweet springs of Venus lye,

Search hidden Nature, and there find

A Treasure to enrich thy mind;

Discover Arts not yet reveal'd,

But let my Mistresses live conceal'd;

Though men by knowledge wiser grow,

Yet here 'tis Wisdom not to know.

In the person of a Lady to her inconstant servant.

When on the Altar of my hand,
(Bedew'd with many a Kiss, and Tear,)

Thy now revolted heart did stand

An humble Martyr, thou didst swear

Thus, (and the God of love did hear,)

By those bright glances of thine eye,

Unless thou pity me, I dye.

When first those perjur'd Lips of thine,

Bepal'd with blasting Sighs, did seal

Their violated faith on mine,

From the soft bosom that did heal

Thee, thou my melting heart didst steal;

My soul inflam'd with thy false breath,

poyson'd with kisses, suck'd in death.

Yet I nor Hand, nor Lip will move,

Revenge or Mercy to procure
From the offended God of love;

My curse is fatal, and my pure

Love shall beyond thy scorn endure:

If I implore the Gods, they'll find

Thee too ingrateful, me too kind.

Truce in Love entreated.

NO more, blind God, for see my heart
Is made thy Quiver, where remains

No void place for another Dart;

And alas that conquest gains

Small praise, that only brings away

A tame and unresisting prey.

Behold a Nobler foe, all arm'd,

Defies thy weak Artillery,

That hath thy Bow and Quiver charm'd,

A rebel Beauty, conquering thee:

If thou dar'st equal combat try,

Wound her, for tis for her I dye.

To my Rival

Hence vain Intruder, haste away,
 Wash not with thy unhallowed brine
 The footsteps of my *Celia's* shrine;
 Nor on her purer Altars lay
 Thy empty words, accents that may
 Some looser Dame to love encline;
 She must have offerings more divine;
 Such pearly drops, as youthful *May*
 Scatters before the rising day;
 Such smooth soft language, as each line
 Might stroake an angry God, or stay
Jove's Thunder, make the hearers pine
 With Envy; do this, thou shalt be
 *Servant to her, Rival with me.

Boldness in Love.

Mark how the bashful Morn in vain
 Courts the amorous Marigold
 With sighing blasts, and weeping rain;
 Yet she refuses to unfold,
 But when the Planet of the day
 Approacheth with his powerful ray,

Then

Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beams into her Virgin leaves.

So shalt thou thrive in love, fond Boy ;
If thy Tears and Sighs discover
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold Lover :
But when with moving accents thou
Shalt constant Faith and Service vow,
Thy *Celia* shall receive those charms
With open Ears, and with unfolded arms,

A Pastoral Dialogue.

Celia: Cleon.

AS *Celia* rested in the shade
With *Cleon* by her side,
The Swain thus courted the young Maid,
And thus the Nymph reply'd.

C L.

Sweet ! let thy Captive fetters wear
Made of thine Arms and Hands ;
Till such as thralldom scorn or fear,
Envy those happy bands.

C E

C E.

Then thus my willing Arms I wind
 About thee, and am so
 Thy pris'ner; for myself I bind,
 Until I let thee go.

C L.

Happy that slave, whom the fair foe
 Ties in so soft a Chain,

C E. Far happier I, but that I know
 Thou wilt break loose again.

C L.

By thy immortal Beauties never.

C E. Frail as thy love's thine oath.

C L. Though Beauty fade, my faith lasts ever.

C E. Time will destroy them both.

C L.

I dote not on thy snow-white skin.

C E. What then? *C L.* Thy purer mind

C E. It lov'd too soon. *C L.* Thou hadst not been
 So fair, if not so kind.

C E.

Oh strange vain fancy! *C L.* But yet true.

C E. Prove it. *C L.* Then make a brade
 Of those loose flames that circle you,
 My Suns, and yet your shade.

C E.

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C E.

'Tis done. C L. Now give it me. C E. Thus thou
Shall thine own error find,
If these were Beauties, I am now
Less fair, because more kind.

C L.

You shall confess you erre ; that hair
Shall it not change the hue,
Or leave the golden Mountain bare ?

C E, Ay me ! it is too true.

C L.

But this small wreath shall ever stay
In its first native prime,
And smiling when the rest decay,
The triumphs sing of time.

Then let me cut from thy fair Grove,
One branch, and let that be
An emblem of eternal Love ;
For such is mine to thee.

C E.

Thus are we both redeem'd from time,
I by thy grace. C L. And I
Shall live in thy immortal time,
Until the Muses dye.

By

By Heaven! CE. Swear not; if I must weep,
Jove shall not smile at me.

This kiss, my heart, and thy faith keep.

CL. This breaths my soul to thee.

Then forth the Thicket *Thirfs* rush'd,

Where he saw all their play:

The Swain stood still, and smil'd, and blush'd,

The Nymph fled fast away.

Grief ingroft.

Wherefore do thy sad numbers flow
 So full of woe?

Why dost thou melt in such soft strains,

Whilst she disdains?

If she must still deny,

Weep not, but dye,

And in thy Funeral fire,

Shall all her Fame expire:

Thus both shall perish, and as thou on thy Hearse
 Shall want her Tears, so she shall want thy Verse.

Repine not then at thy blest state,

Thou art above thy fate:

But my fair *Celia* will not give
 Love enough to make me live;
 Nor yet dart from her bright Eye
 Scorn enough to make me dye.

Then let me weep alone till her kind Breath,
 Or blow my Tears away, or speak my Death.

A Pastoral Dialogue.

Shepherd, Nymph, Chorus.

S*Hep.* This Mossy Bank they prest. *Nym.* That aged Oak
 Did Canopy the happy Pair
 All night from the damp Air.

Chs. Here let us sit and sing the words they spoke,
 Till the day-breaking their embraces broke.

Shep.

See Love, the blushes of the morn appear
 And now she hangs her pearly store
 ('Rob'd from the Eastern shore)
 I'th' Cowslips Bell, and Roses eare:
 Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nymph.

Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day,
 But shew my Sun must set; no Morn
 Shall shine till thou return;

The yellow Planets, and the gray
Dawn, shall attend thee on thy way.

She.

If thine Eyes gild my Paths, they may forbear
Their useless shine. *Nymph*, my Tears will quite
Extinguish their faint light.

She. Those drops will make their beams more clear,
Loves flames will shine in every tear.

Cho.

They Kist, and wept, and from their Lips, and Eyes,
In a mixt dew of Briny sweet,
Their Joys and Sorrows meet;
But she crys out. *Nymph*. Shepherd arise,
The Sun betrays us else to spies.

Shep.

The winged hours fly fast whilst we embrace,
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with Leaden feet.

Nym. Then let us pinion Time, and chace
The Day for ever from this place.

Shep.

Heark : *Nym.* Aye me stay ! *Shep.* For ever. *Nym.* No, arise,
We must be gone. *Shep.* My nest of Spice.

Nym. My Soul, *Shep.* My Paradise.

Cho. Neither could say fare-well, but through their eyes
Grief interrupted Speech, with Tears supplies.

Red and white Roses.

Read in these Roses the sad story
Of my hard Fate, and your own Glory :

In the White you may discover

The paleness of a fainting Lover ;

In the Red, the Flames still feeding

On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding.

The White will tell you how I languish,

And the Red expresses my anguish.

The White my Innocence displaying,

The Red my Martyrdom betraying.

The frowns that on your Brow resided,

Have those Roses thus divided.

Oh let your smiles but clear the weather,

And then they both shall grow together.

To my Cousin (C. R.) marrying my

Lady (A.)

Happy Youth, that shall possess

Such a Spring-tide of Delight,

As the fated Appetite
 Shall enjoying such excess
 With the flood of pleasure, less
 When the Hymeneal Rite
 Is perform'd, invoke the night,
 That it may in shadows dress
 They too real happiness ;

Else (as *Semele*) the bright
 Deity in her full hight
 May thy feeble soul oppress.

Strong Perfumes, and glaring Light,
 Oft destroy both Smell, and Sight

A Lover upon an Accident necessitating his departure, consults with Reason.

LOVER.

WEep not, nor backward turn your beams
 Fond Eyes; sad Sighs lock in your breath;
 Lest on this wind, or in those streams,
 My griev'd soul fly, or sayl to death:
 Fortune destroys me if I stay,
 Love kills me if I goe away :
 Since Love, and Fortune, both are blind,
 Come Reason, and resolve my doubtful mind.

REASON

REASON:

Fly, and blind Fortune be thy guide,
 And gainst the blinder God rebell,
 Thy love-sick heart shall not reside
 Where scorn and self-will'd error dwell;
 Where entrance unto Truth is barr'd;
 Where Love and Faith find no reward;
 For, my just hand may sometime move
 The wheel of Fortune, not the sphere of Love.

Parting, Celia weeps.

WEEP not (my Dear) for I shall go
 Loaden enough with my own woe;

Add not thy heaviness to mine:

Since Fate our Pleasures must disjoyn,

Why should our sorrows meet? if I

Must goe, and lose thy company,

I wish not theirs; it shall relieve

My grief, to think thou dost not grieve.

Yet grieve and weep, that I may bear

Every sigh, and every tear,

Away with me, so shall thy Brest

And Eyes discharg'd enjoy their Rest,

And it will glad my heart to see,
Thou wert thus loath to part with me,

A Rapture.

I Will enjoy thee now my *Celia*, come
And fly with me to Love's Elizium :
The Gyant, Honour, that keeps cowards out,
Is but a Masquer, and the servile rout
Of baser subjects only bend in vain
To the vast Idol, whilst the Nobler Train
Of valiant Lovers daily fail between
The huge Colosses legs, and pass unseen
Unto the blisful shore, be bold, and wise,
And we shall enter, the grim Swisse denies
Only to tame fools passage, that not know
He is but form and only frights in shew.
The duller Eyes that lookt from far ; draw near,
And thou shalt scorn what we were wont to fear ;
We shall see how the stalking Pageant goes
With borrowed Legs, a heavy load to those
That made, and bear him ; not as we once thought
The seed of Gods, but a weak model wrought
By greedy men that seek t'inclose the common,
And within private Arms empale free woman.

Com

Come then, and mounted on the wings of love
 We'll cut the flitting Air, and fore above
 The Monsters head, and in the Noblest seats
 Of those blest shades quench and renew our heats.
 There, shall the Queen of Love, and Innocence,
 Beauty and Nature banish all offence
 From our close Ivy twines, there I'll behold
 Thy bared Snow, and thy unbraded Gold;
 There, my enfranchis'd hand on every side,
 Shall o'r thy naked polish'd Ivory slide.
 No Curtain there, though of transparent Lawn,
 Shall be before thy Virgin-treasure drawn:
 But the rich Mine to the enquiring Eye
 Expos'd, shall ready still for Mintage lye;
 And we will coin young *Cupids*. There, a bed
 Of Roses, and fresh Myrtles shall be spread
 Under the cooler shade of Cypress Groves,
 Our pillows, of the Down of *Venus* Doves,
 Whereon our panting Limbs we'll gently lay
 In the faint respites of our active play;
 That so our slumbers may in dreams have leisure
 To tell the nimble fancy our past pleasure;
 And so our souls that cannot be embrac'd,
 Shall the embraces of our bodies taste.

Mean while the bubbling stream shall court the shore,
 Th' enamour'd chirping wood-quire shall adore
 In varied Tunes the Deity of Love;
 The gentle blasts of Western winds shall move
 The trembling leaves, and through their close bows breath
 Still Musick whilst we rest our selves beneath
 Their dancing shade, till a soft murmur, sent
 From souls entranc'd in amorous languishment,
 Rowze us, and shoot into our veins fresh fire,
 Till we, in their sweet extasie expire.
 Then, as the empty Bee, that lately bore,
 Into the common Treasure all her store,
 Flies 'bout the painted field with nimble wing,
 Deflowring the fresh Virgins of the Spring;
 So wil I rifle all the sweets that dwell
 In my delicious Paradise, and swell
 My bag with Honey, drawn forth by the power
 Of fervent kisses, from each spicy flower.
 I'l seize the Rose-buds in their perfum'd bed,
 The Violet knots, like curious Mazes spread
 O're all the Garden, taste the ripened Cherry,
 The warm firm Apple tipt with Coral berry;
 Then will I visir, with a wandring kiss
 The Vale of Lillies, and the Bower of Bliss;

And where the beauteous Region doth divide
 Into two milky ways, my Lips shall slide
 Down those smooth Allies, wearing as I go
 A tract for Lovers on the printed snow;
 Thence climbing o'r the swelling *Appenine*,
 Retire into thy Grove of Eglantine;
 Where I will all those ravisht sweets distil
 Through Loves Alimbique, and with Chimique skill
 From the mixt Mass one soverain Balm derive,
 Then bring that great Elixir to thy hive.

Now in more subtle wreaths I will entwine,
 My snowy Thighs, my Legs, and Arms with thine.
 Thou like a sea of Milk shalt lie displai'd,
 Whilst I the smooth calm Ocean invade
 With such a tempest, as when *Jove* of old
 Fell down on *Danae* in a storm of Gold:
 Yet my tall Pine, shall in the Cyprian straight
 Ride safe at Anchor, and unlade her freight,
 My Rudder, with thy bold hand, like a try'd
 And skilful Pilot, thou shalt steer, and guide
 My Bark into Loves Channel, where it shall
 Dance, as the bounding waves do rise or fall;
 Then shall thy circling Arms, embrace and clip
 My willing Body, and thy balmy Lip

Bath me in juyce of kisses, whose perfume
 Like a Religious Incense shall consume,
 And send up Holy Vapors to those pow'rs
 That bless our loves, and crown our sportful hours,
 That with such Halcion calmness fix our souls
 In stedfast peace, as no affright controuls.
 There, no rude sounds shake us with sudden starts,
 No jealous Ears, when we unrip our Hearts,
 Suck our discourse in; no observing spies
 This blush, that glance traduce; no envious Eyes
 Watch our close meetings, nor are we betraid
 To Rivals, by the bribed Chamber-maid.
 No wedlock bonds unwreath our twisted Loves;
 We seek no midnight Arbor, no dark Groves
 To hide our Kisses: there, the hated name
 Of Husband, Wife, Lust, Modest, Chaste, or Shame,
 Are vain and empty words, whose very sound
 Was never heard in the Elizian ground.
 All things are lawful there, that may delight
 Nature, or unrestrained Appetite:
 Like, and Enjoy, to Will, and Act, is one,
 We only sin when Loves Rites are not done.

The Roman *Lucrece* there reads the Divine
 Lectures of Loves Great Master, *Aretine*,

And knows as well as *Lais* how to move
 Her plyant body in the act of Love
 To quench the burning Ravisher, she hurles
 Her Limbs into a thousand winding curles.
 And studies Artful postures, such as be
 Carv'd on the Bark of every neighbouring Tree
 By Learned hands, that so adorn d the rinde
 Of those fair Plants, which as they lay entwinde,
 Have fann'd their glowing fires. The Grecian Dame,
 That in her endless web toyl'd for a name
 As fruitless as her work, doth there display
 Her self before the Youth of *Ithaca*,
 And th' amorous sport of gamefome nights prefer
 Before dull dreams of the lost Traveller.
Daphne hath broke her Bark, and that swift foot
 Which th' angry Gods had fastned with a root
 To the fixt Earth, doth now unfetter'd run,
 To meet th' embraces of the youthful Sun :
 She hangs upon him like his Delphique Lyre,
 Her kisses blow the old, and breath new fire ;
 Full of her God, she sings inspired Layes,
 Sweet Odes of Love, such as deserve the Bayes,
 Which she her self was. Next her, *Laura* lies
 In *Petrarch's* learned Arms, drying those Eyes

That

That did in such sweet smooth-pac'd numbers flow,
As made the world enamour'd of his woe.

These, and Ten thousand Beauties more, that dy'd
Slave to the Tyrant, now enlarg'd, deride
His cancel'd Laws, and for their time mispent,
Pay into Loves Exchequer double Rent.

Come then my *Celia*, we'l no more forbear
To taste our joys, struck with a Pannique fear,
But will depose from his Imperious sway
This proud Usurper, and walk free, as they
With Necks unyoak'd ; nor is it just that He
Should fetter your soft Sex with Chastity,
Which Nature made unapt for abstinence ;
When yet this false Impostor can dispence
With humane Justice, and with sacred right,
And maugre both their Laws, command me fight
With Rivals, or with emulous Loves, that dare
Equal with thine, their Mistress Eyes, or Hair :
If thou complain of wrong, and call my sword
To carve out thy Revenge, upon that word
He bids me fight and kill, or else he brands
With marks of Infamy, my coward hands,
And yet Religion bids from Blood-shed fly,
And damns me for that Act then tell me why

This

This Goblin Honour which the world adores,
Should make Men Atheists, and not Women Whores ?

Epitaph on the Lady Mary Villers.

THe Lady *Mary Villers* lies
Under this stone ; with weeping Eyes
The Parents that first gave her breath,
And their sad friends laid her in earth :
If any of them (Reader) were
Known unto thee, shed a tear ;
Or if thy self possess a gem,
As dear to thee, as this to them,
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in theirs thine own hard case ;
For thou perhaps at thy return
Mayst find thy Darling in an Urn.

Another.

THe purest Soul that e'r was sent
Into a clayie Tenement
Inform'd this Dust, but the weak mould
Could the great guest no longer hold,
The substance was too pure, the flame
Too glorious that thither came :

Ten thousand *Cupids* brought along
 A Grace on each wing that did throng
 For place there, till they all oppress
 The seat in which they sought to rest,
 So the fair Model broke for want
 Of room to lodge th' Inhabitant.

Another.

THis little Vault, this narrow room,
 Of Love and Beauty is the Tomb;
 The dawning beam that gan to clear
 Our clouded Sky, lies darkned here,
 For ever set to us, by death
 Sent to enflame the world beneath.
 'Twas but a bud, yet did contain
 More sweetness than shall spring again,
 A budding Star that might have grown
 Into a Sun, when it had blown.
 This hopeful Beauty did create
 New life in Love's declining state;
 But now his Empire ends, and we
 From fire, and wounding Darts are free;
 His Brand, his Bow, let no man fear;
 The Flames, the Arrows, all lye here.

Epitaph on the Lady S. Wife to Sir W. S.

THe harmonie of Colours, Features, Grace,
 Resulting Ayres (the Magique of a face)
 Of muscal Sweet Tunes, all which combin'd
 To crown one Soveraign Beauty, lies confin'd
 To this dark Vault. She was a Cabinet
 Where all the choicest stones of price were set;
 Whose native colours, and pure lustre, lent
 Her Eye, Cheek, Lip, a dazling ornament;
 Whose rare and hidden vertues did express
 Her inward Beauties, and Minds fairer dress;
 The constant Diamond, the wise Chrysolite,
 The devout Saphire, Emrauld apt to write
 Records of Memory, cheerful Agat, grave
 And serious Onyx, Topaz that doth save
 The Brains calm temper, witty Amethyst;
 This precious Quarry, or what else the list
 On Arons Ephod plante d had, she wore;
 One only Pearl was wanting to her store,
 Which in her Saviours Book she found express,
 To purchase that, she sold death all the rest,

Maria

Maria Wentworth, Thomæ Comitiss Cleveland
filia primogenita virginiam animam ex-
halavit. An. Dom. — Æt. suæ. —

And here the precious Dust is laid,
 Whose purely tempered Clay was made
 So fine, that it the guest betraid.

Else the Soul grew so fast within,
 It broke the outward shell of sin,
 And so was hatch'd a Cherubin.

In height it soar'd to God above;
 In depth, it did to knowledge move,
 And spread in breadth to general love.

Before a pious Duty shin'd
 To Parents, courtesie behind,
 On either side an equal mind.

Good to the poor, to kindred dear,
 To servants kind, to friendship clear,
 To nothing but her self severe.

So though a Virgin, yet a Bride
 To every Grace she justify'd
 A chaste Polygamy, and dy'd.

Learn from hence (Reader) what small trust
 and We owe this world, where vertue must
 Frail as our flesh crumble to dust.

On the Duke of Buckingham.

*Beatissimis Manibus charissimi viri Ill^{ma} Con-
 junx sic Parentavit.*

When in the brazen leaves of Fame,
 The life, the death of *Buckingham*
 Shall be recorded, if Truth's hand
 Incize the story of our Land,
 Posterity shall see a fair
 Structure, by the studious care
 Of two Kings rais'd, that no less
 Their wisdom, than their pow'r express;
 My blinded zeal (whose doubtful light
 Made murders scarlet Robe seem white,
 Whose vain-deluding phantasmes charm'd
 A clouded sullen soul, and arm'd
 A desperate hand, thirsty of blood)
 Torn from the fair earth where it stood;
 To the majestique fabrique fell.
 His Actions let our Annals tell :

We write no Chronicle ; this Pile
 Wears only sorrows face and stile,
 Which, even the envy that did wait
 Upon his flourishing estate,
 Turn'd to soft pity of his death,
 Now pays his Hearse ; but that cheap breath
 Shall not blow here, nor th' unpure brine
 Puddle those streams that bathe this shrine.

These are the pious Obsequies
 Drop'd from his chaste Wives pregnant Eyes
 In frequent showres, and were alone
 By her congealing sighs made stone,
 On which the Carver did bestow
 These Forms and Characters of woe ;
 So he the fashion only lent,
 Whilst she wept all this Monument.

Another.

Siste Hospes, sive Indigena, sive Advena, vicissitudinis rerum memor, pauca perlege.

READER, when these dumb stones have told
 In borrowed Speech what guest they hold ;
 Thou shalt confess, the vain pursuit
 Of humane Glory yields no fruit,

But an untimely Grave. If Fate
 Could constant happiness create,
 Her Ministers, Fortune and Worth,
 Had here that miracle brought forth;
 They fix'd this Child of Honour, where
 No room was left for Hope or Fear,
 Of more, or less: so high, so great
 His growth was, yet so safe his seat.
 Safe in the circle of his friends;
 Safe in his Loyal heart and ends;
 Safe in his native valiant spirit;
 By Favour safe, and safe by Merit;
 Safe by the stamp of Nature, which
 Did strength, with Shape and Grace enrich;
 Safe in the cheerful courtesies
 Of flowing Gestures, Speech, and Eyes;
 Safe in his Bounties, which were more
 Proportion'd to his Mind, than store;
 Yet, though for vertue he becomes
 Involv'd himself in borrowed sums,
 Safe in his care, he leaves betrayd
 No friend engag'd, no debt unpaid.

But though the Stars conspire to shower
 Upon one head th'united power

Of all their Graces, if their dire
 Aspects must other breasts inspire
 With vicious thoughts, a Murderers knife
 May cut (as here) their Darlings life.
 Who can be happy then, if Nature must
 To make one happy man, make all men just.

Four Songs by way of *Chorus* to a Play, at an
 entertainment of the King and Queen,
 by my Lord Chamberlain.

The First of *Jealousie*. Dialogue.

Question.

From whence was first this fury hurl'd,
 This jealousy into the world?

Came she from Hell? Answ. No, there doth reign
 Eternal Hatred with Disdain,
 But she the Daughter is of Love,
 Sister of Beauty. Reply, Then above
 She must derive from the third Sphere
 Her Heavenly Off-spring. Answ. Neither there
 From those immortal flames could she
 Draw her cold frozen Pedigree.

Quest. If nor from Heaven nor Hell, where then
 Had she her birth? Ans. I' th' hearts of men,

Beauty, The

*Beauty, and Fear, did her create,
 Younger than Love, Elder than Hate.
 Sister to both, by Beauties side
 To Love, by Fear to Hate ally'd:
 Dispair her issue is, whose race
 Of fruitful mischief drowns the space
 Of the wide Earth, in a swoln flood
 Of wrath, revenge, spight, rage, and blood.*

*Quest. Oh how can such a spurious line
 Proceed from Parents so Divine?*

*Answ. As streams, which from their Chrystal spring
 Doe sweet and cleer their Waters bring,
 Yet mingling with the brackish Main,
 Nor Taste nor Colour they retain.*

*Qu. Yet Rivers 'twixt their own banks flow
 Still fresh, can jealousy do so?*

*Answ. Yes, whilst she keeps the steadfast ground
 Of Hope, and Fear, her equal bound;
 Hope sprung from favour, worth, or chance,
 Tow'rs the fair object doth advance;
 Whilst Fear, as watchful Scentinel,
 Doth the invading Foe repel;
 And jealousy thus mixt, doth prove
 The season, and the salt of love:*

*But when Fear takes a larger scope,
 Stifling the Child of Reason, Hope
 Then sitting on th' usurped Throne,
 She like a Tyrant rules alone.
 As the wild Ocean unconfin'd,
 And raging as the Northern wind.*

2.

Feminine Honour.

IN what esteem did the Gods hold
 Fair Innocence, and the chaste Bed,
 When scandall'd vertue might be bold,
 Bare foot, upon sharp Cultures spread
 O'r burning coals to march, yet feel
 Nor scorching fire, nor piercing steel?
 Why, when the hard edg'd Iron did turn
 Soft as a bed of Roses blown,
 When cruel flames forgot to burn
 Their chaste pure Limbs, should man alone
 Gainst female Innocence conspire,
 Harder than Steel, fiercer than Fire?
 Oh hapless Sex! unequal sway
 Of partial Honour! who may know

*Rebels from Subjects that obey,
 When malice can on vestals throw
 Disgrace, and Fame fix high repute
 On the close shameless Prostitute?
 Vain Honour ! thou art but disguise;
 A cheating Voice, a juggling Art,
 No judge of Vertue, whose pure Eyes
 Court her own Image in the heart,
 More pleas'd with her true figure there,
 Than her false Eccho in the Ear.*

3.

Separation of Lovers.

*STop the chased Bore, or play
 With the Lyons paw, yet fear
 From the Lovers side to tear
 Th' Idol of his soul away.*

*Though Love enter by the sight
 To the heart, it doth not fly
 From the mind, when from the eye
 The fair objects take their flight.*

*But since Want provokes desire,
When we lose what we before
Have enjoy'd, as we want more,
So is Love more set on fire.*

*Love doth with an hungry Eye
Glint on Beauty, and you may
Safer snatch the Tygers prey
Than his vital food deny.*

*Yet though absence for a space,
Sharpen the keen Appetite,
Long continuance doth quite
All Loves characters efface.*

*For the sense not fed, denies
Nourishment unto the mind,
Which with expectation pin'd,
Love of a consumption dies.*

4.

Incommunicability of Love.

Quest. *By what power was Love confin'd
To one object? who can bind,
Or fix a limit to the free-born mind?*

An.

An. Nature ; for as bodies may
 Move ot once but in one way,
 So nor can minds to more than one Love stray.

Reply. Yet I feel double smart
 Loves twinn'd flame, his forked dart.

An. Then hath wild Lust, not Love possess thy heart.

Qu. Whence springs love? An. From Beauty. Qu. Why
 Should th' effect not multiply
 As fast i th' heart, as doth the cause i th' eye?

An. When two Beauties equal are,
 Sense preferring neither fair,
 Desire stands still, distracted, twixt the pair.

So in equal distance lay
 Two fair Lambs in the Wolf's way,
 The hungry beast will starve ere choose his prey.

But Where one is chief, the rest
 Cease, and that's alone possess
 Without a Rival Monarch of the breast.

Songs

Songs in the Play.

**A Lover in the disguise of an Amazon, is
dearly beloved of his Mistriss.**

CEase those afflicted soul to mourn,
Whose Love and Faith are paid with scorn;
For I am starv'd that feel the blisses
Of dear embraces, smiles and kisses
From my soul's Idol, yet complain
Of equal Love more than disdain.

Cease, Beauties exile to lament
The frozen shades of banishment,
For I in that fair bosome dwell
That is my Paradise, and Hell;
Banisht at home, at once at ease
In the safe Port, and tost on Seas.

Cease in cold jealous fears to pine
Sad Wretch, whom Rivals undermine:
For though I had lock'd in mine Arms
My lifes sole joy, a Traytors charms
Prevail, whilst I may only blame
My self, that mine own Rival am.

Another.

Another.

A Lady rescued from death by a Knight, who
in the instant leaves her, complains thus.

O *H* whither is my fair Sun fled,
Bearing his light, not heat away?

If thou repose in the moist Bed

Of the Sea-Queen, bring back the day
To our dark clime, and thou shalt thy
Bath'd in the sea flows from mine Eye.

Upon what Whirlwind didst thou ride

Hence, remain fixt in my heart,
From me, and to me; fled, and ty'd?

Dark Riddles of the amorous Art;
Love lent thee wings to fly, so He
Unfeather'd now must rest with me.

Help, help, brave Youth, I burn, I bleed,

The cruel God with Bow and Brand
Pursues the life, thy valor freed,

Disarm him with thy conquering hand;
And that thou may'st the wild boy tame,
Give me his Dart, keep thou his Flame.

TO BEN. JOHNSON.

*Upon occasion of his Ode of defiance annex'd to
his Play of the New-Intne.*

Tis true (dear Ben:) thy just chastizing hand
Hath fix'd upon the sotted Age a brand

To their swoln pride, and empty scribbling due,

It can nor judge, nor write, and yet tis true

Thy comique Muse from the exalted line

Tougt by the Alchymist, doth since decline

From that her Zenith, and foretels a red

And blushing evening, when she goes to bed,

Yet such, as shall out-shine the glimmering light

With which all stars shall gild the following night.

Nor think it much (since all thy Eaglets may

Endure the Sunny trial) if we say

This hath the stronger wing, or that doth shine

Trick'd up in fairer plumes, since all are thine ;

Who hath his flock of cackling Geese compar'd

With thy tun'd quire of Swans ? or else who dar'd

To call thy births deform'd ? but if thou bind

By City custome, or by Gavel kind,

In equal shares thy love on all thy race,

We may distinguish of their sex, and place ;

Though

Though one hand form them, and through one brain strike
Souls into all, they are not all alike.

Why should the follies then of this dull age
Draw from thy Pen such an immodest rage
As seems to blast thy (else immortal) Bays,
When thine own tongue proclaims thy itch of praise?
Such thirst will argue drought. No, let be hurld
Upon thy works by the detracting world,
What malice can suggest; let the rout say,
The running sands, that (ere thou make a play)
Count the slow minutes might a *Goodwin* frame
To swallow, when th' hast done; thy ship-wrack'd name
Let them the dear expence of oyl upbraid
Suck'd by thy watchful Lamp that hath betraid
To theft the blood of martyr'd Authors, spilt
Into thy Ink, whilst thou growst pale with guilt;
Repine not at the Tapers thrifty waste,
That sleeks thy terser Poems; nor is haste
Praise, but excuse; and if thou overcome
A knotty writer, bring the booty home;
Nor think it theft; if the rich spoils so torn
From conquer'd Authors, be as Trophies worn.
Let others glut on the the extorted praise
Of vulgar breath, trust thou to after days:

Thy

Thy labour'd works shall live, when Time devours
 Th' abortive off-spring of their hasty hours.
 Thou art not of their rank, the quarrel lies
 Within thine own Virge, then let this suffice,
 The wiser world doth greater Thee confess
 Than all men else, than Thy self only less.

An Hymeneal Dialogue.

Bride and Groome.

G*room.* Tell me (my Love) since *Hymen* ty'd
 The Holy knot, hast thou not felt
 A new infused spirit slide
 Into thy Brest, whilst thine did melt ?

Bride. First tell me (Sweet) whose words were those ?
 For though the voice your air did break,
 Yet did my soul the sense compose,
 And through your Lips my heart did speak.

Groo. Then I perceive, when from the flame
 Of love my scorch'd soul did retire,
 Your frozen heart in her place came,
 And sweetly melted in that fire,

Bride.

Bride. 'Tis true, for when that mutual change
Of souls, was made with equal gain,
I straight might feel diffus'd a strange,
But gentle heat through every vein.

Chorus. Oh blest dis-union, that doth so
Our bodies from our souls divide,
As two do one, and one four grow,
Each by contraction multiply'd.

Bride. Thy bosome then I'll make my nest,
Since there my willing soul doth perch.

Groom. And for my heart in thy chaste brest,
I'll make an everlasting search.

Chorus. Oh blest disunion, &c.

Obsequies to the Lady
ANNE HAY.

I Heard the Virgins sigh, I saw the sleek
And polish'd Courtier channel his fresh cheek
With real Tears; the new betrothed Maid
Smil'd not that day, the graver Senate laid
Their business by; of all the Courtly throng,
Grief seal'd the heart, and silence bound the tongue;

I that

I that ne'r more of private sorrow knew
 Than from my Pen some froward Mistris drew,
 And for the publick woe, had my dull sense
 So fear'd with ever a dverse influence,
 As the invaders sword might have unfelt,
 Pierc'd my dead bosom, yet began to melt:
 Grief's strong instinct, did to my blood suggest
 In the unknown loss peculiar interest.

But when I heard the Noble *Carlisle's* Gem,
 The fairest branch of *Denny's* antient stem,
 Was from that Casket stoln, from this Trunk torn,
 I found just cause, why they, why I should mourn.

But who shall guide my Artless Pen, to draw
 Those blooming Beauties, which I never saw?
 How shall posterity beleve my story,
 If I, her crowded graces, and the glory
 Due to her riper vertues, shall relate
 Without the knowledge of her mortal state?
 Shall I, as once *Apelles*, here a feature,
 There steal a grace, and rissing so whole Nature
 Of all the sweets a Learned Eye can see,
 Figure one *Venus*, and say such was she?
 Shall I her legend fill, with what of old
 Hath of the Worthies of her sex been told,

And what all Pens, and Times, to all dispenſe,
 Reſtrain to her, by a prophetique ſence?
 Or ſhall I, to the Moral, and Divine
 Exacteſt Laws, ſhape by an even line,
 A life ſo ſtraight, as it ſhould ſhame the ſquare
 Left in the rules of *Katherine*, or *Clare*,
 And call it hers, ſay, ſo did ſhe begin,
 And had ſhe liv'd, ſuch had her progreſs been?
 Theſe are dull ways by which baſe Pens, for hire,
 Daub glorious vice, and from *Apollo's* quire
 Steal holy Dirties, which prophaneſly they
 Upon the Herſe of every ſtrumpet lay.

We will not bath thy corps with a ſord'd Tear;
 Nor ſhall thy Train borrow the blacks they were;
 Such vulgar Spice, and Gums, embalm not thee,
 Thou art the Theme of Truth, not Poetry.
 Thou ſhalt endure a Tryal by thy Peers,
 Virgins of equal birth, of equal years,
 Whoſe vertues held with thine an emulous ſtrife,
 Shall draw thy Picture, and record thy life;
 One ſhall enſphere thine Eyes, another ſhall
 Impearl thy Teeth, a Third thy white and ſmall
 Hand ſhall beſnow, a Fourth incarnadine
 Thy Roſie cheek, until each beauteous line

Drawn by her hand, in whom that part excels,
 Meet in one Center, where all Beauty dwells.
 Others, in task shall thy choice vertues share,
 Some shall their birth, some their ripe growth declare,
 Though niggard Time left much unhatch'd by deeds,
 They shall relate how thou hadst all the seeds
 Of every vertue, which in the pursuit
 Of time, must have brought forth admired fruit.
 Thus shalt thou, from the mouth of envy, raise
 A glorious journal of thy thrifty days,
 Like a bright star shot from his sphere, whose race,
 In a continued line of Flames, we trace:
 This, if survey'd, shall to thy view impart
 How little more than late, thou wert, thou art;
 This shall gain credit with succeeding times,
 When nor by bribed pens, nor partial times
 Of engag'd kindred, but the sacred truth
 Is stored by the partners of thy youth;
 Their breath shall sanctifie thee, and be thine thy pride,
 Thus even by Rival to be Deifi'd.

*To the Countess of Anglesea, upon the
immoderately by her lamented death
of her Husband.*

MAdam, men say you keep with dropping Eyes
Your sorrows fresh, wat'ring the Rose that lies
Fall'n from your Cheeks upon your dear Lords Herse.
Alas! those odours now no more can pierce
His cold pale nostril, nor the Crimson Dye
Present a graceful blush to his dark Eye.
Think you that flood of pearly moisture hath
The vertue fabled of old *Eson's* bath?
You may your Beauties, and your Youth consume
Over his Urn, and with your sighs perfume
The solitary Vault, which as you groan
In hollow echoes shall repeat your moan;
There you may wither, and an Autumn bring
Upon your self, but not call back his Spring.
Forbear your fruitless grief then, and let those
Whose love was doubted, gain belief with shows
To their suspected faith; you, whose whole life
In every Act crown'd you a constant Wife,
May spare the practice of that vulgar trade,
Which superstitious custome only made;

Rather a Widow now of Wifdome prove
 The pattern, as a Wife you were of love :
 Yet since you surfet on your grief, 'tis fit
 Itell the world, upon what cares you sit
 Glutting your sorrows, and at once include
 His story, your excuse, my gratitude.
 You, that behold how yond sad Lady blends
 Those ashes with her Tears, lest, as she spends
 Her tributary sighs, the frequent gust
 Might scatter up and down the noble dust,
 Know when that heap of Atomes was with blood
 Kneaded to solid flesh, and firmly stood
 On stately Pillars, the rare form might move
 The froward *Ino's*, or chaste *Cynthia's* love.
 In motion active grace, in rest a calm ;
 Attractive sweetness, brought both wound and balm
 To every heart, he was compos'd of all
 The wishes of ripe Virgins, when they call
 For *Hymen's* rites, and in their fancies wed
 A shape of studied Beauties to their bed.
 Within this curious Palace dwelt a soul
 Gave lustre to each part, and to the whole,
 This dress'd his face in courteous smiles, and so
 From comely gestures sweeter manners flow.

This courage joyn'd to strength, so the hand, bent,
 Was valours, open'd, Bounties instrument,
 Which did the scale and sword of Justice hold,
 Knew how to brandish Steel, and scatter Gold.
 This taught him, not t' engage his modest tongue
 In suits of private gain, though publick wrong;
 Nor mis-employ (as is the great mans use)
 His credit with his Master, to traduce,
 Deprave, maligne, and ruine Innocence,
 In proud revenge of some mis-judg'd offence:
 But all his actions had the noble end
 T'advance desert, or grace some worthy friend.
 He chose not in the active stream to swim,
 Nor hunted Honour, which yet hunted him;
 But like a quiet Eddy that hath found
 Some hollow creek, there turns his waters round,
 And in continual circles dances free,
 From the impetuous Torrent; so did he
 Give others leave to turn the wheel of State,
 (Whose steerless motion spins the subjects fate)
 Whilst he retir'd from the tumultuous noise
 Of Court, and sutors press, apart, enjoys
 Freedom, and mirth, himself, his time and friends,
 And with sweet relish tastes each hour he spends.

I could remember how his Noble heart
 First kindled at your beauties, with what Art
 He chas'd his game through all opposing fears,
 When I his sighs to you, and back your tears
 Convey'd to him, how loyal then, and how
 Constant he prov'd since to his Marriage vow,
 So as his wandring Eyes never drew in
 One lustful thought to tempt his soul to sin,
 But that I fear such mention rather may
 Kindle new grief, than blow the old away.

Then let him rest joyn'd to great *Buckingham*,
 And with his brothers mingle his bright flame,
 Look up, and meet their beams, and you from thence
 May chance derive a chearful influence,
 Seek him no more in dust, but call agen
 Your scatter'd Beauties home, and so the Pen
 Which now I take from this sad Elegy
 Shall sing the Trophies of your conquering Eye,

*An Elegy upon the death of Doctor Donne,
 Dean of Pauls.*

Can we not force from widowed Poetry
 Now thou art dead (Great *Donne*) one Elegy.

To crown thy Hearse? why yet did we not trust,
 Though with unknéaded drow-bak'd Prose, thy dust,
 Such as th' uncizard Lect' rer from the flower
 Of fading Rhetorique, shortl'v'd as his hour,
 Dry as the sand that measures it, might lay
 Upon the ashes on the Funeral day?

Have we not tune, nor voice? didst thou dispence
 Through all our language both the words and sense?

'Tis a sad truth. The Pulpit may her plain
 And sober Christian precepts still retain;

Doctrines it may, and wholesome Uses frame,
 Grave Homilies, and Lectures, but the flame,

Of thy brave soul, that shot such heat, and light,
 As burnt our Earth, and made our darkness bright,

Committed holy Rapes upon the Will,
 Did through the Eye the melting hearts distil,

And the deep knowledge of dark truths, so teach,
 As sense might judge, what fancy could not reach,

Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire
 That fills with spirit and heat the Delphique Quire,

Which kindled first by the Promethean breath
 Glow'd here a while, lies quench'd now in thy death,

The Muses Garden with Pedantique weeds
 O'rspréad, was purg'd by thee, the lazy seeds

Of servile imitation thrown away,
 And fresh invention planted; thou didst pay
 The debts of our penurious bankrupt Age:
 Licentious thefts, that make poetique rage.
 A mimique fury, when our souls must be
 Posselt, or with *Anacreon's* extasie,
 Or *Pindar's*, not their own, the subtle cheat
 Of sly exchanges, and the juggling feat
 Of two-edg'd swords, or whatsoever wrong
 By ours was done the *Greek* or *Latine* tongue,
 Thou hast redeem'd, and opened us a Mine
 Of rich and pregnant fancy, drawn a line
 Of Masculine expression, which had good
 Old *Orpheus* seen, or all the antient brood
 Our superstitious fools admire, and hold
 Their Lead more precious than thy burnisht Gold;
 Thou hadst been their Exchequer, and no more,
 They each in others dung had search'd for Ore.
 Thou shalt yield no precedence, but of Time,
 And the blind fate of Language, whose tun'd chime
 More charms the outward sense; yet thou mayst claim
 From so great disadvantage, greater fame,
 Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
 Our troublesome language bends, made only fit

With her tough thick-rib'd hoops, to gird about
 Thy Gyant fancy, which had prov'd too stout
 For their soft melting phrases. As in time
 They had the start, so did they cull the prime
 Buds of invention many a hundred year,
 And left the rifled fields, besides the fear
 To touch their harvest, yet from those bare lands
 Of what was only thine, thy only hands
 (And that their smallest work) have gleaned more
 Than all those Times, and Tongues, could reap before.

But thou art gone, and thy strickt Laws will be
 Too hard for Libertines in Poetry,
 They will recall the goodly exil'd Train
 Of Gods, and goddeses, which in thy just raign
 Was banisht noble Poems; now, with these,
 The silenc'd tales i'th Metamorphoses
 Shall stuff their lines, and swell the windy page,
 Till Verse refin'd by thee, in this last age
 Turn Ballad-rime, or those old Idols be
 Ador'd again with new Apostasie.

Oh pardon me that break with untun'd Verse
 The reverend silence, that attends thy Hearse;
 Whose solemn awful Murmurs, were to thee
 More than those rude lines, a loud Elegy,

That

That did proclaim in a dumb Eloquence
 The death of all the Arts, whose influence
 Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lies
 Gasping short-winded accents, and so dies.
 So doth the swiftly-turning wheel, not stand
 In th' instant we withdraw the moving hand,
 But some short time retains a faint weak course,
 By vertue of the first impulsive force;
 And so whilst I cast on thy funeral Pile
 Thy crown of Bays, oh let it crack a while,
 And spit disdain, till the devouring flames
 Suck all the moisture up, then turn to ashes.

I will not draw the envy, to engross
 All thy perfections, or weep all the loss,
 Those are too numerous for one Elegy.
 And tis too great to be exprest by me:
 Let others carve the rest; it shall suffice,
 I on thy Grave this Epitaph incise.
 Here lies a King that rul'd as he thought fit
 The Universal Monarchy of wit,
 Here lies two Flamens, and both those the best,
Apollo's first, at last the true God's Priest.

Whole solemn awful numbers were to be

More than these tedious lines, a long Elegy

*In answer to an Elegiacal Letter upon the death
of the King of Sweden from Aurelian
Townsend, inviting me to write
on that subject.*

WHy dost thou sound, my dear *Aurelian*,
In so shrill actions from thy Barbican,
A loud Allarum to my drowsie Eyes,
Bidding them wake in Tears and Elegies
For might *Sweden's* fall? Alas! how may
My Lyrique feet, that of the smooth soft way
Of Love and Beauty, only know the tread,
In dancing paces celebrate the dead
Victorious King, or his Majestick Hearse
Prophane with th' humble touch of their low verse?
Virgil, nor *Lucan*, no nor *Tasso* more
Than both, nor *Donne*, worth all that went before,
With the united labor of their wit
Could a just Poem to this subject fit;
His actions were too mighty to be rais'd
Higher by Verse: let him in Prose be prais'd,
In modest faithful story, which his deeds
Shall turn to Poems: when the next Age reads
Of *Frankfort*, *Leipsigh*, *Warsburgh*, of the *Rhine*,
The *Leck*, the *Danube*, *Tilly*, *Wallestein*,

Bawaria, Dapenheim, Lutzenfeld, where he
 Gain'd after death a posthume victory,
 They'l think his Acts things rather feign'd than don,
 Like our Romances of the Knight o'th Sun.
 Leave we him then to the grave Chronicler,
 Who though to Annals he can not refer
 His too-brief story, yet his journals may
 Stand by the *Cesars* years, and every day
 Cut into minutes, each shall more contain
 Of great designment than an Emperors Raig;
 And (since 'twas but his Church-yard) let him have
 For his own ashes now no narrower Grave
 Than the whole German Continents vast womb,
 Whilst all her Cities do but make his Tomb.
 Let us to supreme providence commit
 The fate of Monarchs, which first thought it fit
 To rend the Empire from the Austrian grasp,
 And next from Swedens, even when he did clasp
 Within his dying Arms the Sovereignty
 Of all those Provinces, that men might see
 The Divine wisdom would not leave that Land
 Subject to any one Kings sole command.
 Then let the Germans seat, if *Cesar* shall,
 Or the United Printes, rise and fall,

But let us that in myrtle bowers sit
 Under secure shades use the benefit
 Of peace and plenty, which the blessed hand
 Of our good King gives this obdurate Land,
 Let us of Revels sing, and let thy breath
 (Which fill'd Fames trumpet with *Gustavus* death,
 Blowing his name to Heaven) gently inspire
 Thy past'ral pipe, till all our swains admire
 Thy Song and Subject, whilst they both comprise
 The Beauties of the *SHEPHERDS PARADISE*;
 For who like thee (whose loose discourse is far
 More neat and polish'd than our Poems are,
 Whose very Gate's more graceful than our dance)
 In sweetly flowing numbers may advance
 The glorious night : when not to act foul rapes,
 Like birds, or beasts, but in their Angel-shapes
 A troop of Deities came down to guide
 Our steerless barks in passions swelling tide
 By virtues Card, and brought us from above
 A pattern of their own celestial love
 Nor lay it in dark sullen precepts drownd,
 But with rich fancy, and clear Action crown'd
 Through a mysterious fable (that was drawn
 Like a transparent veil of purest Lawn

But

Before

Before their dazeling beauties) the Divine
Venus, did with her Heavenly *Cupid* shine;
 The stories curious web, the Masculine stile,
 The subtle sense, did Time and sleep beguile,
 Pinnion'd and charm'd they stood to gaze upon
 Th' Angel-like forms, gestures, and motion.
 To hear those ravishing sounds that did dispeuce
 Knowledge and Pleasure, to the soul and sense,
 It fill'd us with amazement to behold
 Love made all spirit, his corporeal mold
 Dissected into Atomes melt away
 To empty Air, and from the gross alloy
 Of mixtures and compounding Accidents,
 Refin'd to immaterial Elements.
 But when the Queen of Beauty did inspire
 The Air with perfumes, and our hearts with fire,
 Breathing from her Celestial Organ sweet
 Harmonious notes, our souls fell at her feet,
 And did with humble reverend Duty, more
 Her rare perfections, than high state adore,
 These harmless pastimes let my *Townsend* sing
 To rural tunes; not that thy Muse wants wing
 To soar a loftier pitch, for she hath made
 A noble flight, and plac'd th' Heroique shade

Above the reach of our faint flagging ryme;
 But these are subjects proper to our clime.
 Torneys, Masques, Theaters better become
 Our Halcyon days; what though the German Drum
 Bellow for freedom and revenge? the noise
 Concerns not us, nor should divert our joys;
 Nor ought the thunder of their Carabins
 Drown the sweet Ayrs of our tun'd Violins;
 Believe me friend, if their prevailing powers
 Gain them a calm security like ours,
 They'l hang their Arms upon the Olive bough,
 And dance and revel then as we do now.

Upon Mr. W. Mountague his return from travel.

Lead the black Bull to slaughter, with the Bore
 And Lamb, then purple with their mingled gore
 The Oceans curled brow, that so we may
 The Sea-Gods for their careful waftage pay:
 Send grateful Incense up in pious smook
 To those mild spirits, that cast a curbing yolk
 Upon the stubborn winds, that calmly blew
 To the wisht shore our long'd-for Mountague,
 Then whilst the Aromatique odours burn,
 In honour of their darlings safe return

The Muses Quire shall thus with voice and hand,
Bless the fair Gale that drove his ship to land.

Sweetly breathing Vernal Ay

That with kind warmth doest repair

Winters ruines, from whose breast

All the gums and spice of th' East

Borrow their perfumes, whose Eye

Gilds the morn, and clears the Sky,

Whose disbelv'd tresses shed,

Pearls upon the Violet bed,

On whose brow with calm smiles drest

The Halcion sits and builds her Nest:

Beauty, Youth, and endless spring,

Dwell upon thy Rosie wing;

Thou, if stormy Boreas throws

Down whole Forrests when he blows,

With a pregnant flowery birth

Canst refresh the teeming Earth;

If he nip the early bud,

If he blast what's fair or good;

If he scatter our choice flowers,

If he shake our hills or bowers;

If his rude breath threaten us,

Thou canst stroak great Eolus

And

And from him the grace obtain

To bind him in an Iron chain.

Thus, whilst you deal your body's mongst your friends
And fill their circling arms, my glad soul sends
This her embrace : thus we of *Delpbos* greet,
As Lay-men clasp their hands, we joyn our feet,

To Master W. Mountague.

SIR, I Arrest you at your Countreys suit
Who as a debt to her, requires the fruit
Of that rich stock, which she by Natures hand
Gave you in trust, to th' use of this whole Land.
Next she endites you of a Felony,
For stealing, what was her propriety :
Your self, from hence, so seeking to convey
The publick Treasure of the State away.
More, y'are accus'd of Ostracisme, the Fate
Impos'd of old by the Athenian state
On eminent vertue, but that curse which they
Cast on their men, you on your Countrey lay :
For, thus divided from your noble parts
This kingdom lives in exile, and all hearts
That relish worth, or honour, being rent
From your perfections, suffer banishment

These are your publick injuries ; but I
 Have a just private quarrel to desie
 And call you Coward, thus to run away
 When you had pierc'd my heart, not daring stay
 Till I redeem'd my honour ; but I swear
 By *Celia's* Eyes, by the same force to tear
 Your heart from you, or not to end this strife,
 Till I or find revenge, or lose my life.
 But as in single fights it oft hath been
 In that unequal equal tryal seen,
 That he who had receiv'd the wrong at first,
 Came from the Combat oft too with the worst ;
 So if you foil me when we meet, I'll then
 Give you fair leave to wound me so agen.

*On the Marriage of T. K. and C. C. the
 Morning stormy.*

S Uch should this day be, so the Sun should hide
 His bashful face, and let the conquering Bride
 Without a Rival shine, whilst he forbears
 To mingle his unequal beams with hers ;
 Or if sometimes he glance his squinting eye
 Between the parting clouds, tis but to spy,

Not emulate her Giores, so comes drest
 In Veyles, but as a Masquer to the Feast.
 Thus Heaven should lowr, such stormy gusts should blow,
 Not to denounce ungentle Fates, but show
 The cheerful Bridegroom to the Clouds and Wind,
 Hath all his Tears and all his Sighs assign'd,
 Let Tempests struggle in the Air, but rest
 Eternal calms within thy peaceful Brest.
 Thrice happy Youth ; but ever Sacrifice
 To that fair Hand that dry'd thy blubber'd Eyes,
 That Crown'd thy Head with Roses, and turn'd all
 The plagues of Love into a Cordial,
 When first it joyn'd her Virgin snow to thine,
 Which when to day the Priest shall recombine,
 From the mysterious holy touch such charms
 Will flow, as shall unlock her wreathed Arms,
 And open a free passage to that fruit
 Which thou hast toyld for with a long pursuit.
 But ere thou feed, that thou mayst better taste
 Thy present joys, think on thy torments past.
 Think on the mercy freed thee, think upon
 Her Vertues, Graces, Beauties, one by one,
 So shalt thou relish all, enjoy the whole
 Delights of her fair body, and pure soul ;

Then boldly to the fight of Love proceed,
 Tis mercy not to pity though she bleed,
 We'l strew no nuts, but change that antient form,
 For till to morrow we'l prorogue this storm.
 Which shall confound with its loud whistling noise
 Her pleasing shrieks, and fan thy panting joys.

*For a Picture where the Queen laments over the
 Tomb of a slain Knight.*

BRave Youth; to whom Fate in one hour
 Gave Death and Conquest, by whose pow'r
 Those chains about my heart are wound,
 With which the foe my kingdom bound,
 Freed, and captiv'd by thee, I bring
 For either Act an offering;
 For victory, this wreath of Bay;
 Insign of thraldom, down I lay
 Scepter and Crown: take from my sight
 Those Royal Robes; since fortunes spight
 Forbids me live thy vertues prize,
 I'd dye thy valours sacrifice,

To a Lady that desired I would love her.

I.

NOW you have freely given me leave to love,
What will you do ?

Shall I your mirth, or passion move,

When I begin to wooe ;

Will you torment, or scorn, or love me too ?

2.

Each petty Beauty can disdain, and I
Spight of your hate

Without your leave can see, and dye ;

Dispence a nobler Fate,

Tis easie to destroy, you may create.

3.

Then give me leave to love and love me too

Not with design

To raise, as Loves curst Rebels doe,

When puling Poets whine,

Fame to their Beauty, from their blubber'd eyn.

4. Grief

4.

Grief is a puddle, and reflects not clear
 Your Beauties rayes;
 Joys are pure streams, your Eyes appear
 Sullen in sadder lays,
 In cheerful numbers they shine bright with praise.

5.

Which shall not mention to exprefs you fair
 Wounds, Flames, and Darts,
 Storms in your Brow, Nets in your Hair,
 Suborning all your parts,
 Or to betray, or torture captive hearts,

6.

I'll make your Eyes like morning Suns appear,
 As mild, and fair;
 Your Brow as Chrystal smooth, and clear.
 And your dishevel'd hair
 Shall flow like a calm Region of the Air.

7.

Rich Nature's store, (which is the Poets Treasure)
 I'll spend, to dress

Your Beauties, if your Mine of Pleasure
 In equal thankfulness
 You but unlock, so we each other bless.

*Upon my Lord Chief Justice his Election of my
 Lady A. W. for his Mistress.*

I.

Hear this, and tremble all
 Usurping Beauties, that create
 A government Tyrannical
 In Love's free state,
 Justice hath to the sword of your edg'd Eyes
 His equal ballance joyn'd, his sage head lies
 In Love's soft Lap, which must be just and wise.

2.

Hark how the the stern Law breaths
 Forth amorous sighs, and now prepares
 No Fetters, but of Silken wreaths,
 And braided Hairs;

His dreadful Rods and Axes are exil'd
 Whilſt he ſits crown'd with Roſes, Love hath fil'd
 His native roughneſs, Juſtice is grown mild.

3.

The golden Age returns,
 Loves Bow and Quiver, uſeleſs lye,
 His ſhaft, his brand, nor wounds, nor burns,
 And cruelty
 Is ſunk to Hell, the fair ſhall all be kind,
 Who loves, ſhall be belov'd, the froward mind
 To a deformed ſhape ſhall be confin'd.

4.

Aſtea hath poſſeſt
 An earthly ſeat, and now remains
 In *Finch's* heart. but *Wentworth's* breſt
 That Gueſt contains ;
 With her ſhe dwels, yet hath not left the ſkies,
 Nor loſt her Sphere, for new enthron'd ſhe crys
 I know no Heaven but fair *Wentworth's* Eyes,

*To A. D. unreaſonable diſtruſtful of
 her own Beauty.*

F*Air Doris* break thy Glaſs, it hath perplex,
 With a dark Comment, Beauties cleareſt Text;

Hath not told thy faces story true,
 But brought false Copies to thy jealous view.
 No colour, feature, lovely ayr, or grace,
 That ever yet adorn'd a beauteous face,
 But thou maist read in thine, or justly doubt
 Thy Glasse hath been summon'd to leave it out.
 But if it offer to thy nice survey
 A spot, a stain, a blemish, or decay,
 It not belongs to thee, the treacherous light
 Or faithles stone, abuse thy credulous sight,
 Perhaps the magique of the face hath wrought
 Upon th' enchanted Chrystal, and so brought
 Fantastick shadows to delude thine eyes
 With airy repercussive forceries.
 Or else th' enamoured Image pines away
 For love of the fair object, and so may
 Wax pale and wan, and though the substance grow
 Lively and fresh, that may consume with woe;
 Give thou no faith to the false specular stone,
 But let thy Beauties by th' effects be known:
 Look (sweetest *Doris*) on my love-sick heart,
 In that true mirror see how fair thou art.
 There, by Love's never-erring Pensil drawn
 Shalt thou behold thy face, like th' early dawn

Shoot through the shady covert of thy hair,
 Enameling and perfuming the calm Air
 With Pearls and Roses, till thy Suns display
 Their Lids, and let out the imprison'd day.
 Whilst Delphique Priests, (enlightned by their Theme)
 In amorous numbers count thy golden Beam,
 And from Love's Altars clouds of sighs arise
 In smoaking Incense to adore thine Eyes.
 If then Love flow from Beauty as th' effect,
 How canst thou the resistless cause suspect ?
 Who would not brand that Fool, that should contend
 There were no fire, where smoak and flames ascend ?
 Distrust is worse than scorn, not to believe
 My harms, is greater wrong than not to grieve ;
 What cure can for my festring fore be found,
 Whilst thou beleev'st thy Beauty cannot wound ?
 Such humble thoughts more cruel Tyrants prove
 Than all the pride that e'r usurp'd in Love,
 For Beauties Herald, here denounceth war,
 There her false spies betray me to a snare.
 If fire disguis'd in Bals of snow were hurl'd
 It unsuspected might consume the world ;
 Where our prevention ends, danger begins ;
 So Wolves in Sheeps, Lyons in Asses skins

Might far more mischief work, because less fear'd,
 Those, the whole stock, these might kill all the herd;
 Appear then as thou art, break through this cloud,
 Confess thy Beauty, though thou thence grow proud,
 Be fair, though scornful, rather let me find
 Thee cruel, than thus mild, and more unkind;
 Thy cruelty doth only me defie,
 But these dull thoughts thee to thy self deny;
 Whether thou mean to barter, or bestow
 Thy self, 'tis fit thou thine own value know.
 I will not cheat thee of thy self, nor pay
 Less for thee than th'art worth, thou shalt not say
 That is but brittle glass, which I have found
 By strict enquiry a firm Diamond.
 I'll trade with no such Indian fool as sels
 Gold, Pearls, and precious Stones, for Beads and Bells;
 Nor will I take a Present from your hand,
 Which you, or prize not, or not understand;
 It not endears your bounty that I do
 Esteem your gift, unless you do so too;
 You undervalue me, when you bestow
 On me, what you nor care for, nor yet know.
 No (*Lovely Doris*) change thy thoughts, and be
 In Love first with thy self, and then with me.

You

You are afflicted that you are not fair
 And I as much tormented that you are ;
 What I admire, you scorn, what I love, hate ;
 Through different faiths, both share an equal fate.
 Fast to the truth, which you renounce, I stick,
 I die a Martyr, you an Heretique.

To my friend G. N. from Wreſt.

IBreath (sweet *Ghibs* :) the temperate air of *Wreſt*
 Where I, no more with raging ſtorms oppreſt,
 Wear the cold nights out by the banks of *Tweed*,
 On the bleak Mountains, where fierce tempeſts breed,
 And everlaſting Winter dwels ; where mild
Favonius, and the vernal winds exil'd,
 Did never ſpread their wings : but the wild North
 Brings ſteril Fearn, I hiſtles, and Brambles forth.
 Here ſleep'd in balmy dew, the pregnant Earth,
 Sends from her teeming womb a flowry birth,
 And cheriſh'd with the warm Suns quickning hear,
 Her porous boſome doth rich odours ſweat ;
 Whoſe perfumes through the Ambient ayr diſfuſe
 Suc native Aromatiques, as we uſe
 No forraign Gums, nor Eſſence, fetcht from farr,
 No Volatile ſpirits, nor compounds that are

Adulterate, but at Nature's cheap expence
 With far more genuine sweets refresh the sense.
 Such pure and uncompounded beauties bless
 This Mansion with an useful comeliness,
 Devoid of Art, for here the Architect
 Did not with curious skill a Pile erect
 Of carved Marble, Touch, or Prophecy,
 But built a house for hospitality;
 No sumptuous Chimney-piece of shining stone
 Invites the strangers eye to gaze upon,
 And coldly entertains his sight, but clear
 And cheerful flames cherish and warm him here:
 No Dorique, nor Corinthian Pillars grace
 With Imagery this structures naked face,
 The Lord and Lady of this place delight
 Rather to be in act, than seem in sight;
 Instead of Statues to adorn their wall,
 They throng with living men their merry Hall,
 Where at large Tables fill'd with wholesome meats
 The Servant, Tenant, and kind Neighbor eats:
 Some of that rank, spun of a finer thred,
 Are with the Women, Steward, and Chaplain fed
 With daintier cates; others of better note
 Whom wealth, parts, office, or the Heralds coat

Have

Have sever'd from the common, freely sit
 At the Lords Table, whose spread sides admit
 A large access of friends to fill those seats
 Of his capacious sickle, fill'd with meats
 Of choicest relish, till his Oaken back
 Under the load of pil'd-up dishes crack,
 Nor think, because our Pyramids, and high
 Exalted Turrets threaten not the Sky,
 That therefore *Wrest* of narrowness complains
 Or streightned Walls, for the more numerous Trains
 Of noble guests daily receives, and those
 Can with far more conveniency dispose
 Than prouder Piles, where the vain builder spent
 More cost in outward gay embellishment
 Than real use : which was the sole design
 Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
 But fit for service. *Amalthea's* Horn
 Of plenty is not in Effigie worn
 Without the Gate, but she within the door
 Empties her free and unexhausted store.
 Nor, crown'd with Wheaten wreaths, doth *Ceres* stand
 In Stone, with a crook'd sickle in her hand :
 Nor on a Marble Tun, his face besmear'd
 With Grapes, is curl'd uncizard *Bacchus* rear'd.

We offer not in Emblems to the Eyes,
 But to the taste those useful Deities.
 We press the juycie God, and quaff his blood,
 And grind the yellow Goddess into food.
 Yet we decline not all the work of Art,
 But where more bounteous Nature bears a part
 And guides her Hand-maid, if she but dispense
 Fit matter, she with care and diligence
 Employs her skill, for where the neighbour source
 Pours forth her waters, she directs her course,
 And entertains the flowing streams in time
 And spacious Channels, where they slowly creep
 In Snaky windings, as the shelving ground
 Leads them in circles, till they twice surround
 This Island Mansion, which i'th' Center plac'd,
 Is with a double Chrystal Heaven embrac'd,
 In which our watry constellations float.
 Our Fishes, Swans, our Waterman, and Boat,
 Envy'd by those above, which wish to flake
 Their star-burnt Limbs in our refreshing Lake,
 But they stick fast nail'd to the barren Sphere,
 Whilst our encrease in fertile waters here,
 Disport, and wander freely where they please.
 Within the circuit of our narrow Seas.

With various trees we fringe the waters brink,
 Whose thirsty roots the soaking moisture drink.
 And whose extended boughs in equal ranks
 Yield fruit, and shade, and Beauty to the banks :
 On this side young *Vertumnus* sits, and courts
 His ruddy-cheek'd *Pomona*, *Zephyre* sports
 On th' other, with lov'd *Flora*, yielding there
 Sweets for the smell, sweets for the palate here.
 But did you taste the high and mighty drink
 Which from that Fountain flows, you'd surely think
 The God of Wine did his plump clusters bring,
 And crush the Falern Grape into our spring;
 Or else disguis'd in watry Robes did swim
 To *Ceres* bed, and make her beg of him,
 Begetting so himself on her : for know
 Our vintage here in *March* doth dothing owe
 To theirs in *Autumn*, but our fire boyls here
 As lusty liquor as the sun makes there.

Thus I enjoy my self, and taste the fruit
 Of this blest place, whilst toil'd in the pursuit
 Of Bucks, and Stags, th' emblem of war you strive
 To keep the memory of our Arms alive.

*A Newyears gift.**To the King.*

Look back old *Janus*, and survey
 From Time's birth, till this new-born day,
 All the successful season bound
 With Lawrel wreaths, and Trophies crown'd;
 Turn o'r the Annals past, and where
 Happy auspicious days appear,
 Mark'd with the whiter stone, that cast
 On the dark brow of th' ages past
 A dazeling lustre, let them shine
 In this succeeding circles twine,
 Till it be round with Glories spread,
 Then with it crown our *CHARLES* his head,
 That we th' ensuing year may call
 One great continu'd Festival.
 Fresh joys in varied forms apply,
 To each distinct captivity.
 Season his cares by day with nights
 Crown'd with all conjugal delights,
 May the choice Beauties that enflame
 His Royal breast be still the same;

And he still think them such, since more
 Thou canst not give from Natures store;
 Then as a Father let him be
 With numerous issue blest, and see
 The fair and God-like off-spring grown
 From budding Stars to Suns full blown,
 Circle with peaceful Olive boughs,
 And conquering Bays, his Regal brows :
 Let his strong vertues overcome,
 And bring him bloodless Trophies home :
 Strew all the pavements, where he treads,
 With loyal hearts, or Rebels heads :
 But Byfront, open thou no more,
 In his blest raigin, the Temple dore,

To the Queen.

THou great Commandress, that dost move
 Thy Scepter o'r the Crown of Love,
 And through his Empire with the awe
 Of thy chaste beams, dost give the Law,
 From his prophaner Altars, we
 Turn to adore thy Deity :
 He only can wild Lust provoke,
 Thou, those impurer flames canst choak,

And where he scatters looser fires,
 Thou turn'st them into chaste desires ;
 His kingdom knows no rule but this,
What ever pleaseth lawful is ;
 Thy sacred Lord shews us the path
 Of Modesty and constant Faith,
 Which makes the rude Male satisfied
 With one fair Female by his side ;
 Doth either Sex to each unite,
 And forme Love's pure Hermorphradite.
 To this thy Faith, behold the wild
 Satyr already reconcil'd,
 Who from the influence of thine Eye
 Hath suckt the deep Divinity ;
 O free them then, that they may teach
 The Centaure and the Horseman, preach
 To Beasts and Birds, sweetly to rest
 Each in his proper Lare and nest :
 They shall convey it to the froud,
 Till there thy Law be understood ;
 So shalt thou with thy pregnant fire,
 The Water, Earth, and Air, inspire.

To the New year, for the Countess
of Carlisle.

Give *Lucinda* Pearl, nor Stone,
Lend them light who else have none,
Let her beauty shine alone.

Gums nor spice bring from the *East*,
For the Phoenix in her Breast
Builds his Funeral Pile, and Nest.

No rich tyre thou canst invent,
Shall to grace her forme be sent,
She adorns all ornament.

Give her nothing, but restore
Those sweet smiles which heretofore
In her cheerful Eyes she wore.

Drive those envious clouds away,
Veils that have o'r-cast my day,
And eclips'd her brighter ray,

Let the Royal Goth now down
This years harvest with his own
Sword, and spare *Lucinda's* frown.

Janus, if when next I trace
 Those sweet lines, I in her face
 Read the Charter of my grace,
 Then from bright Apollo's tree,
 Such a Garland wreath'd shall be,
 As shall Crown both her and thee.

*To my honoured friend, Master Thomas May,
 upon his Comedy The Heir.*

THe Heir being born, was in his tender age
 Rock'd in the Cradle of a private Stage,
 Where lifted up by many a willing hand,
 The child did from the first day fairly stand.
 Since having gather'd strength, he dares prefer
 His steps into the publick Theater
 The world: where he dispaire not but to find
 A doom from men more able, not less kind.

I but his Usher am, yet if my word
 May pass, I dare be bound he will afford
 Things must deserve a welcome, if well known,
 Such as best writers would have wish'd their own:

You shall observe his words in order meet,
 And softly stealing on with equal feet
 Slide into even numbers, with such grace
 As each word had been moulded for that place.

You shall perceive an amorous passion, spun
 Into so smooth a web, as had the Sun
 When he pursu'd the swiftly flying Maid,
 Courted her in such language, she had staid.
 A Love so well exprest, must be the same
 The Author felt himself from his fair flame:
 The whole plot doth alike it self disclose
 Through the Five Acts, as doth the Lock that goes
 With Letters, for till every one be known,
 The Lock's as fast as if you had found none;
 And where his sportive Muse doth draw a thred
 Of mirth, chaste Matrons may not blush to read.

Thus have I thought it fitter to reveal
 My want of Art (dear friend) than to conceal
 My love. It did appear I did not mean
 So to commend thy well-wrought Comick-Scene,
 As men might judge my aime rather to be,
 To gain praise to my self, than give it thee;
 Though I can give thee none, but what thou hast
 Deserv'd and what must my faint breath out-last.

Yet was this garment (though I skilleſſ be,
To take thy measure) only made for thee,
And if it prove too ſcant, 'tis cauſe the ſtuff
Nature allow'd me was not large enough.

*To my worthy friend Maſter George Sands, on
his Tranſlation of the Pſalms.*

I Preſſ not to the Quire, nor dare I greet
The holy place with my unhallowed feet;
My unwaſht Muſe pollutes not things Divine,
Nor mingles her prophaner notes with thine;
Here, humbly waiting at the porch ſhe ſtays,
And with glad ears ſucks in thy ſacred lays.
So, devout Penitents of old were wont,
Some without door, and ſome beneath the Font,
To ſtand and hear the Church's Liturgies,
Yet not aſſiſt the ſolemn exerciſe:
Sufficeth her, that ſhe a lay-place gain,
To trim thy veſtments, or but bear thy train;
Though nor in tune, nor wing, ſhe reach thy Lark,
Her Lyrick feet may dance before the Ark.
Who knows, but that her wandring Eyes that run,
Now hunting Glow-worms, may adore the Sun,

A pure flame may, shot by Almighty pow'r
 Into her brest, the earthy flame devour.
 My eyes, in penitential dew may steep
 That brine, which they for sensual love did weep.
 So (though 'gainst Natures course) fire may be quencht
 With fire, and water be with water drencht;
 Perhaps my restless soul, tyr'd with pursuit
 Of mortal beauty, seeking without fruit
 Contentment there, which hath not, when enjoy'd,
 Quencht all her thirst, nor satisfy'd, though cloy'd;
 Weary of her vain search below, above
 In the first fair may find th' immortal Love.
 Prompted by thy example then, no more
 In moulds of Clay will I my God adore;
 But tear those Idols from my heart, and write
 What his blest Spirit, not fond Love, shall indite;
 Then I no more shall court the verdant Bay,
 But the dry leaveless Trunk on *Golgotha*;
 And rather strive to gain from thence one Thorn,
 Than all the flourishing wreaths by Laureats worn.

To my much honoured friend, Henry Lord Cary
of Lepington, upon his Translation
of Malvezzi,

My Lord,

IN every trivial work 'tis known
Translators must be Masters of their own,
And of their Authors language, but your task
A greater latitude of skill did ask.
For your *Malvezzi* first requir'd a man
To teach him speak vulgar *Italian* :
His matter's so sublime, so now his phrase,
So far above the stile of *Bemboe's* days,
Old *Varchie's* rules, or what the *Trusca* yet
For curreant *Truscan* mintage will admit,
As I beleeeve your Marquess, by a good
Part of his Natives hardly understood.
You must expect no happier fate, 'tis true
He is of noble birth, of nobler you:
So nor your thoughts, nor words fit common ears.
He Writes, and you Translate both to your Peers.

*To my worthy Friend, Master D'avenant, upon
his excellent Play, The Just Italian.*

I'L not mispend in praise, the narrow room
I borrow in this leaf; the Garlands bloom
From thine own seed; that crown each glorious page
Of thy triumphant work; the fullen age
Requires a Satyre. What starre guides the soul
Of these our froward times, that dare controul,
Yet dare not learn to judge? when didst thou fly
From hence, clear, candid ingenuity?
I have beheld, when pearch'd on the smooth brow
Of a fair modest troop, thou didst allow
Applause to slighter works; but then the weak
Spectator, give the knowing leave to speake,
Now noise prevails, and he is tax'd for drowth
Of wit, that with the cry, spends not his mouth.
Yet ask him, reason why he did not like;
Him, why he did; their ignorance will strike
Thy soul with scorn, and pity: mark the places
Provoke their smiles, frowns, or distorted faces,
When they admire, nod, shake the head, they'l be
A Scene of mirth, a double Comedy.

But thy strong fancies (raptures of the brain;
 Drest in Poetick flames) they entertain
 As a bold, impious reach; for they'll still slight
 All that exceeds Red Bull, and Cockpit flight.
 These are the men in crouded heaps that throng
 To that adulterate stage, where not a tongue
 Of th' untun'd Kennel, can a line repeat
 Of serious sense, but the Lips meet like meat;
 Whilst the true brood of Actors, that alone
 Keep natural unstrain'd action in her throne
 Behold their Benches bare, though they reberse
 The terser *Beaumont's* or great *Johnson's* verse.
 Repine not thou then, since this churlish fate
 Rules not the stage alone; perhaps the State
 Hath felt this rancor, where men great and good,
 Have by the Rabble been mis-understood.
 So was thy Play; whose clear, yet lofty strain,
 Wise men, that govern Fate, shall entertain.

To the Reader of Mr. Wil. Davenant's Play.

IT hath been said of old, that Plays are Feasts,
 Poets the Cooks, and the Spectators Guests,

The

The Actors, Waitors: from this Simily,
 Some have deriv'd an unsafe liberty
 To use their judgements as their Tastes, which chuse
 Without controul, this Dish, and that refuse:
 But Wit allows not this large priviledge,
 Either you must confess or feel its edge;
 Nor shall you make a currant inference
 If you transfer your reason to your sense:
 Things are distinct, and must the same appear
 To every piercing Eye, or well-tun'd Ear.
 Though sweets with yours, sharps best with my taste meet:
 Both must agree; this meat's, or sharp, or sweet:
 But if I sent a stench, or a perfume,
 Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume
 You have that sense imperfect: so you may
 Affect a sad, merry, or humorous Play,
 If, though the kind distaste or please, the good
 And bad, be by your Judgement understood:
 But if, as in this Play, where with delight
 I feast my Epicurean Appetite
 With relishes so curious, as dispence
 The utmost pleasure to the ravish'd sense,
 You should profess that you can nothing meet
 That hits your taste, either with sharp or sweet,

But

But cry out, 'tis insipid; your bold Tongue
 May do it's Master, not the Author wrong;
 For Men of better Pallat will by it
 Take the just elevation of your wit.

To my Friend, WIL. D'AVENANT.

I Crowded 'mongst the first, to see the Stage
 (Inspir'd by thee) strike wonder in our age,
 By thy bright fancy dazled; where each Scene
 Wrought like a charm, and forc't the audience lean
 To th' passion of thy Pen; thence Ladies went
 (Whose absence Lovers sigh'd for) to repent
 Their unkind scorn; and Courties who by Art
 Made love before, with a converted heart,
 To wed those Virgins, whom they woo'd t' abuse;
 Both rendred *Hymen's* pros'lites by thy Muse.

But others who were proof 'gainst Love did sit
 To learn the subtle Dictates of thy Wit;
 And as each profited, took his degree,
 Master, or Batchelor, in Comedy.
 We, of th' adult'rate mixture not complain,
 But thence more Characters of Vertue gain,

More

More pregnant Patterns of transcendent worth,
 Than barren and insipid Fruit brings forth :
 So, oft the Bastard nobler fortune meets,
 Than the dull issue of the lawful sheets.

The Comparison.

Dear'est, thy tresses are not threds of Gold,
 Thy Eyes of Diamonds, nor do I hold
 Thy Lips for Rubies : thy fair Cheeks to be
 Fresh Roses, or thy Teeth of Ivory.
 Thy Skin that doth thy dainty Body sheath,
 Not Alabaſter is, nor doſt thou breath
 Arabian odours, thoſe the Earth brings forth,
 Compar'd with which, would but impair thy worth.
 Such may be others Miſtreſſes, but mine
 Holds nothing earthly, but is all Divine.
 Thy tresses are thoſe rays that do ariſe
 Not from one Sun, but Two ; ſuch are thy Eyes ;
 Thy Lips congealed Nectar are, and ſuch,
 As but a Deity, there's none dare touch ;
 The perfect crimſon that thy Cheek doth cloath
 (But only that it far exceeds them both)
 Aurora's bluſh reſembles, or that red
 That Iris ſtruts in when her Mantle's ſpread ;

Thy Teeth in white doe *Leda's* Swan exceed,
 Thy Skin's a heavenly and immortal weed,
 And when thou breath'st, the winds are ready strait
 To filch it from thee, and do therefore wait
 Close at thy Lips, and snatching it from thence
 Bear it to Heaven, where tis *Joves* frankincense.
 Fair Goddess, since thy feature makes the one,
 Yet be not such for these respects alone ;
 But as you are divine in outward view,
 So be within as fair, as good, as true.

The Enquiry.

Amongst the Myrtles as I walk't
 Love and my sighs thus intertalk't,

Tell me (said I in deep distress)

Where may I find my shepherdess?

Thou fool (said Love) knowst thou not this

In every thing that's good she is ;

In yonder Tulip goe and seek,

There thou mayst find her Lip, her Cheek.

In yon enamel'd Pansie by,

There thou shalt have her curious Eye ;

In bloom of Peach, in Rosie bud,
There wave the streamers of her blood.

In brightest Lillies that there stands,
The emblems of her whiter hands.

In yonder rising hill there smels
Such sweets as in her bosome dwels.

'Tis true (said I) and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one

To make of parts a union ;

But on a suddain all was gone.

With that I stopt, said Love these be
(Fond man) resemblances of thee,

And as these flow'rs, thy joye shall die,

Even in the twinkling of an Eye.

And all thy hopes of her shall wither,

Like these short sweets, thus knit together.

The Spark.

MY first Love whom all Beauties did adorn,
Firing my heart, suppress it with her scorn,

Sun-like to Tinder in my breast it lies,
 By every sparkle made a sacrifice.
 Each wanton Eye now kindles my desire,
 And that is free to all that was entire :
 Desiring more by thee (desire) I lost,
 As those that in consumptions hunger most,
 And now my wandring thoughts are not confin'd
 Unto one Woman, but to woman-kind ;
 This for her shape I Love, that for her Face,
 This for her gesture, or some other grace,
 And where I none of these do use to find,
 I choose there by the Kernel not the Rind :
 And so I hope since first my hopes are gone,
 To find in many what I lost in one ;
 And like to Merchants after some great loss,
 Trade by retail, that cannot now in gross.
 The fault is hers that made me go astray,
 He needs must wander that hath lost his way.
 Guiltless I am, she did this change provoke,
 And made that Charcoal which to her was Oak :
 And as a Looking-Glass from the aspect,
 Whilst it is whole, doth but one face reflect,
 But being crackt or broken, there are shown
Many half-faces, which at first were One ;

So Love unto my Heart did first prefer
 Her Image, and there planted none but her,
 But since 'twas broke and martyr'd by her scorn,
 Many less faces in her face are born;
 Thus like to Tinder am I prone to catch
 Each falling sparkle, fit for any match.

The Complement.

O My dearest I shall grieve thee
 When I swear, yet sweet beleeve me,
 By thine Eyes the tempting book
 On which even crabbed old men look,
 I swear to thee, (though none abhor them)
 Yet I do not love thee for them.

I do not love thee for that fair,
 Rich fan of thy most curious hair;
 Though the wires thereof be drawn
 Finer than the threds of Lawn,
 And are softer than the leaves
 On which the subtle spinner weaves.

I do not love thee for those flow'rs
 Growing on thy cheeks (loves bow'rs)

Though

Though such cunning them hath spread
 None can paint their White and Red
 Loves Golden Arrows thence are shot,
 Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for those soft
 Red corral Lips I've kist so oft;
 Nor Teeth of Pearl, the double guard
 To Speech, whence Musick still is heard:
 Though from those Lips a kifs being taken,
 Might Tyrants melt and Death awaken.

I do not love thee (O my fairest)
 For that richest, for that rarest
 Silver pillar which stands under
 Thy sound head, that globe of wonder ;
 Though that neck be whiter far,
 Than Tow'rs of polisht Ivory are.

I do not love thee for those Mountains
 Hill'd with Snow, whence milky Fountains
 (Sugar'd sweets, as firropt berries)
 Must one day run through pipes of Cherries ;

O how much those breasts do move me !
 Yet for them I do not love thee.

I do not love thee for that belly,
 Sleek as Satten, soft as jelly,
 Though within that Crystal round
 Heaps of Treasure might be found,
 So rich, that for the best of them,
 A King might leave his Diadem.

I do not love thee for those thighs,
 Whose Alabaster rocks do rise
 So high and even that they stand
 Like Sea-marks to some happy Land ;
 Happy are those Eyes have seen them ;
 More happy they that sail between them.

I love thee not for thy moist palm,
 Though the dew thereof be balm :
 Nor for thy pretty Leg and Foot ;
 Although it be the precious root
 On which the goodly Cedar grows,
 (Sweet) I love thee not for those.

Nor for thy wit though pure and quick,
 Whose substance no Arithmerick
 Can number down : nor for those charms
 Mask'd in thy embracing arms,
 Though in them one night to lye,
 Dearest, I would gladly die.

I love not for those Eyes, nor hair,
 Nor Cheeks, nor Lips, nor Teeth so rare.
 Nor for thy Speech, thy Neck, nor Breast,
 Nor for thy Belly, nor the rest :
 Nor for thy Hand, nor Foot so small,
 But wouldst thou know (dear sweet) for all.

On sight of a Gentlewomans face in the water.

STand still you floods, do not deface
 That Image which you bear :

So Votaries from every place,
 To you shall Altars rear.

No winds but Lovers sighs blow here
 To trouble these glad streams,
 On which no Star from any Sphere
 Did ever dart such beams.

Not

To Chrystal then in haste congeal,

Lest you should lose your blifs:

And to my cruel fair reveal,

How cold, how hard she is.

But if the envious Nymphs shall fear

Their Beauties will be scorn'd,

And hire the ruder winds to tear

That face which you adorn'd,

Then rage and foam amain, that we

Their malice may despise:

And from your froth we soon shall see,

A second *Venus* rise.

SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,

When June is past, the fading Rose:

For in your Beauties orient deep,

These Flow'rs as in their causes sleep.

Ash me no more whither doe stray

The golden Atomes of the day:

For in pure love Heaven did prepare

These powders to enrich your hair.

*Ask me no more whither doth haste
The Nightingale, when May is past:
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.*

*Ask me no more where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night:
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become as in their sphere.*

*Ask me no more if East or West,
The Phenix builds her spicy nest:
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosome dies.*

SONG.

Would you know what's soft? I dare
Not bring you to the Down, or Ay:
Nor to Stars to shew what's bright,
Nor to Snow to teach you white.
Nor if you would Musick hear,
Call the orbs to take your Ear:
Nor to please your sense, bring forth
Bruised Nard, or what's more worth.

Or on food were your thoughts plac'd,
 Bring you Nectar for a taste:
 Would you have all these in one,
 Name my Mistress, and tis done.

The second Rapture.

NO worldling, no, tis not thy Gold,
 Which thou dost use but to behold,
 Nor fortune, honour, nor long life,
 Children, or friends, nor a good wife,
 That makes thee happy; these things be
 But shadows of felicity;
 Give me a wench about thirteen,
 'Already voted to the Queen
 Of Lust and Lovers, whose soft hair,
 Fann'd with the breath of gentle air,
 O'r-spreads her shoulders like a Tent,
 And is her Vail and Ornament;
 Whose tender touch will make the blood
 Wild in the aged, and the good;
 Whose kisses, fastned to the mouth
 Of threescore years and longer slouth,
 Renew the age; and whose bright Eye
 Obscures those lesser lights of Sky;

Whose

Whose snowy breasts (if we may call
 That snow, that never melts at all)
 Makes *Jove* invent a new disguise,
 In spite of *Juno's* jealousies ;
 Whose every part doth re-invite
 The old decayed appetite ;
 And in whose sweet embraces I
 May melt my self to lust, and die.
 This is true blis, and I confess,
 There is no other happiness,

The Hue and Cry.

IN Love's name you are charg'd hereby,
 To make a speedy Hue and Cry
 After a face which t' other day,
 Stole my wandering heart away.
 To direct you these, in brief,
 Are ready marks to know the thief.

Her hair a net of beams would prove,
 Strong enough to captive *Jove*
 In his Eagle shape ; her brow
 Is a comely field of snow ;
 Her Eye so rich, so pure a gray,
 Every beam creates a day ;

And

And if she but sleep (not when
 The Sun sets) 'tis night agen;
 In her cheeks are to be seen,
 Of flowers both the King and Queen;
 Thither by the graces led,
 And freshly laid in Nuptial bed,
 On whom Lips like Nymphs do wait,
 Who deplore their Virgin state,
 Oft they blush, and blush for this,
 That they one another kiss:
 But observe besides the rest,
 You shall know this Fellow best,
 By her tongue, for if your ear
 Once a heavenly Musick hear,
 Such as neither Gods nor Men,
 But from that voice, shall hear agen,
 That, that is she. O stra it surprize
 And bring her unto Love's asize:
 If you let her goe, she may
 Antedate the latter day,
 Fate and Philosophy control,
 And leave the world without a soul.

To his Mistress confined.

S O N G.

O Think not Phæbe, cause a cloud
Doth now thy Silver brightness shrowd,

My wandring Eye

Can stoop to common Beauties of the Sky.

Rather be kind, and this Eclipse,

Shall neither hinder Eye nor Lips,

For we shall meet,

With our hearts, and kifs, and none shall see't;

Nor canst thou in thy prison be,

Without some living signe of me;

When thou dost spy

A Sun-beam peep into the room, tis I,

For I am hid within a flame,

And thus into thy chamber came,

To let thee see

In what a Martyrdom I burn for thee.

When thou dost touch thy Lute, thou mayest

Think on my heart on which thou playest :

When each sad tone,

Upon the strings doth shew my deeper groan.

When

*When thou dost please, they shall rebound
With nimble Ayes, struck to the sound*

Of thy own voice;

O think how much I tremble and rejoyce.

There's no sad picture that doth dwell

Upon thy arras wall, but well

Resembles me.

No matter though our age do not agree,

Love can make old, as well as Time,

And he that doth but Twenty climb,

If he dare prove

As true as I, shews fourscore years in love.

The Primrose.

Ask me why I send you here,

This firstling of the infant year ;

Ask me why I send to you,

This Primrose all be-pearl'd with dew,

I strait will whisper in your ears,

The sweets of love are wash'd with tears;

Ask me why this flow'r doth show,
 So yellow, green, and sickly too;
 Ask me why the stalk is weak,
 And bending, yet it doth not break;
 I must tell you these discover
 What doubts and fears are in a Lover.

The Tinder.

OF what mould did Nature frame me?
 Or was it here intent to shame me,
 That no Woman can come neer me,
 Fair, but her I court to hear me?
 Sure that Mistrifs to whose Beauty
 First I paid a Lovers duty,
 Burnt in rage my heart to Tinder;
 That nor Prayers, nor Tears can hinder,
 But where ever I do turn me,
 Every spark let fall doth burn me.
 Women since you thus inflame me,
 Flint and steel I'll ever name ye.

A Song.

IN her fair cheeks two pits do lie,
 To bury those slain by her Eye,

And if she but sleep (not when
 The Sun sets) 'tis night agen;
 In her cheeks are to be seen,
 Of flowers both the King and Queen;
 Thither by the graces led,
 And freshly laid in Nuptial bed,
 On whom Lips like Nymphs do wait,
 Who deplore their Virgin state,
 Oft they blush, and blush for this,
 That they one another kiss:
 But observe besides the rest,
 You shall know this Fellow best,
 By her tongue, for if your ear
 Once a heavenly Musick hear,
 Such as neither Gods nor Men,
 But from that voice, shall hear agen,
 That, that is she. O stra it surprize
 And bring her unto Love's assize:
 If you let her goe, she may
 Antedate the latter day,
 Fate and Philosophy control,
 And leave the world without a soul.

To his Mistress confined.

S O N G.

O Think not Phæbe, cause a cloud
Doth now thy Silver brightness shroud,

My wandring Eye

Can stoop to common Beauties of the Sky.

Rather be kind, and this Eclipse,

Shall neither hinder Eye nor Lips,

For we shall meet,

With our hearts, and kisses, and none shall see't;

Nor canst thou in thy prison be,

Without some living signe of me;

When thou dost spy

A Sun-beam peep into the room, tis I,

For I am hid within a flame,

And thus into thy chamber came,

To let thee see

In what a Martyrdom I burn for thee.

When thou dost touch thy Lute, thou mayest

Think on my heart on which thou playest :

When each sad tone,

Upon the strings doth shew my deeper groan.

When

*When thou dost please, they shall rebound
With nimble Ays, struck to the sound*

Of thy own voice;

O think how much I tremble and rejoyce.

*There's no sad picture that doth dwell
Upon thy arras wall, but well*

Resembles me.

No matter though our age do not agree,

Love can make old, as well as Time,

And he that doth but Twenty climb,

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'As true as I, shews fourscore years in love.

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 But where ever I do turn me,
 Every spark let fall doth burn me.
 Women since you thus inflame me,
 Flint and steel I'll ever name ye.

A Song.

IN her fair cheeks two pits do lie,
 To bury those slain by her Eye,

So spight of death this comforts me,

That fairly buried I shall be :

My Grave with Rose and Lilly spread.

O tis a life to be so dead.

Come then and kill me with thy Eye,

For if thou let me live, I die.

When I behold those Lips again,

Reviving what those Eyes have slain,

With kisses sweet, whose balsome pure,

Loves wounds as soon as made, can cure

Me thinks tis sickness to be sound,

And there's no health to such a wound.

Come then, &c.

When in her chaste breast I behold,

Those Downy Mounts of Snow ne'r cold,

And those blest hearts her Beauty kills,

Reviv'd by climbing those fair hills ;

Me thinks there's life in such a death,

And so t' expire, inspires new breath.

Come then, &c.

Nymph since no death is deadly, where

Such choice of Antidotes are near,

And

And your keen Eyes but kill in vain,
 Those that are sound, as soon as slain,
 That I no longer dead survive,
 Your way's to bury me alive
 In Cupid's Cave, where happy I
 May dying live, and living dye.
 Come then and kill me with thy Eye,
 For if thou let me live, I die.

The Carver.

To his Mistress.

A Carver having lov'd too long in vain
 Hew'd out the portaiture of *Venus* Sun
 In Marble Rock, upon the which did rain
 Small drizzling drops that from a Fount did run.
 Imagining the drops would either wear
 His fury out, or quench his living flame;
 But when he saw it bootless did appear,
 He swore the water did augment the same.
 So I that seek in Verse to carve thee out,
 Hoping thy Beauty will my flame allay,
 Viewing my lines impolisht all throughout,
 Find my Will rather to my Love obey:

That

That with the Carver I my work do blame,
 Finding it still th' augmenter of my flame.

To the Painter.

Fond man that hop'st to catch that face,
 With those false colours, whose short grace
 Serves but to shew the lookers on
 The faults of thy presumption;
 Or at the least to let us see,
 That is Divine, but yet not she.
 Say you could imitate the rayes
 Of those Eyes that out-shine the days,
 Or counterfeit in Red and White
 That most uncounterfeited light
 Of her complexion, yet canst thou,
 (Great Master though thou be) tell how
 To print a vertue? then desist,
 This fair your Artifice hath mist:
 You should have markt how she begins
 To grow in vertue, not in sins;
 Instead of that same Rosie Die,
 You should have drawn out Modesty,

Whose

Whose Beauty sits enthroned there,
 And learns to look and blush in her.
 Or can you colour just the same,
 When vertue blushes, or when shame,
 When sickness, and when innocence,
 Shews pale or white unto the sense?
 Can such coarse varnish e'r be sold
 To imitate her White and Red?
 This may do well elsewhere in good,
 Among those Faces Dy'd in Guilt,
 So you may thrive, and what you do,
 Prove the best Picture of the two.

Besides (if all I hear be true)
 'Tis taken ill by some, that you
 Should be so insolently vain,
 As to contrive all that rich gain
 Into one Tablet, which alone
 May teach us superstition;
 Instructing our amazed Eyes,
 To admire and worship Images
 Such as quickly might out-shine
 Some new Saint, we'd allow'd a shrine,
 And turn each wandering looker on
 Into a new *Pigmalion*:

Yet your Art cannot equalize
 This Picture in her Lovers Eyes
 His Eyes the pencils are, which Limb
 Her truly, as hers copy him,
 His heart the Tablet, which alone
 Is for that portrait the true stone,
 If you would a truer see,
 Mark it in their posterity,
 And you shall read it truly there,
 When the glad world shall see their Heir.

Loves Courtship.

Kifs lovely *Celia* and be kind,
 Let my desires freedom find,

Sit there down

And we will make the Gods confess,
 Mortals enjoy some happiness.

Mars would disdain his Mistress charms,

If he beheld thee in my arms,

And descend

Thee his mortal Queen to make,

Or live as mortal for thy sake;

Venus must lose her Title now,

And leave to brag of Cupid's bow;

Silly Queen;

She hath but one, but I can spy,

Ten thousand Cupids in thy Eye.

Nor may the Sun behold our bliss,

For sure thy Eyes do dazle his

If thou fear?

That he'll betray thee with his light,

Let me eclipse thee from his sight.

And while I shade thee from his Eye,

Oh let me hear thee gently say

That yields

Maids often lose their Maidenhead,

Ere they set foot in Nuptial bed.

On a Damask-Rose sticking upon a

Ladies breast.

Let pride grow big, my Rose, and let the clear
And Damask colour of thy leaves appear.

Let Scent and Looks be sweet, and bless that hand
 That did transplant thee to that sacred land
 O happy thou, that in that Garden rests,
 That Paradise between that Ladies breasts;
 There's an eternal Spring, there shalt thou live,
 Between two Lilly Mounts, and never die.
 There shalt thou spring among the fertile vallies,
 By buds like thee that grow in midst of allies,
 There none dare pluck thee, for that place is such,
 That but a god divine, there's none dare touch,
 If any but approach, straight doth arise
 A blushing lightning flash, and blasts his Eyes,
 There 'stead of Rain, shall living Fountains flow,
 For wind her fragrant breath for ever blow,
 Nor now, as earth, one Sun shall on thee shine,
 But those two glorious Suns, her Eyes Divine,
 O then what Monarch would not think a place,
 To leave his Regal Throne to have thy place.
 My self to gain thy blessed seat do vow
 Would be transform'd into a Rose as thou

The Protestation, a Sonnet.

NO more shall I needs be deckt with flowers
 Nor sweetness dwell in Roses Bowers

Nor greenest ~~hads~~ on Branches Spring

Nor warbling Birds delight to sing,

Nor April Violets paint the Grove,

If I forsake my Celia's love.

The Fish shall in the Ocean burn,

And Fountains sweet shall bitter turn,

The humble Oak no Flood shall know

When Floods shall highest Hills o'er flow;

Black Læthe shall oblivion leave,

If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his Bow and Shaft lay by,

And Venus Doves want wings to fly,

The Sun refuse to shew his light,

And day shall then be turn'd to night,

And in that night no Star appear,

If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,

Nor Lovers more shall love for worth,

Nor joy above in Heaven dwell,

Nor pain torment poor souls in Hell;

Grim death no more shall horrid prove,

If e'er I leave bright Celia's Love.

The Tooth-ach cured by a kiss.

Fate's now grown merciful to men,

Turning disease to bliss:

For had not kind Rheum vext me then,

I might not *Celia* kiss.

Physicians you are now my scorn:

For I have found a way

To cure diseases (when forlorn

By your dull Art) which may

Patch up a body for a time,

But can restore to health,

No more than Chymists can sublime

True Gold, the Indies wealth.

The Angel sure that us'd to move

The pool, men so admitt'd,

Hath to her Lip the Seat of Love,

As to his Heaven retir'd.

To the jealous Mistress.

Admit (thou Darling of mine Eyes)

I have some Idol lately fram'd;

That under such a false disguise,

Our true loves might the less be fam'd,

Canst

Canst thou that knowest my heart suppose,
I'll fall from thee, and worship those.

Remember (dear) how loath and flow

I was to cast a look or smile,

Or one love-line to mis-beflow,

Till thou hadst chang'd both face and file,

And art thou grown afraid to see,

That Mask put on thou mad'st for me.

I dare not call those childish fears,

Coming from Love, much less from thee,

But wash away with frequent tears

This counterfeit Idolatry.

And henceforth kneel at ne'r a shrine,

To blind the world, but only thine.

The Dart.

O Fr when I look, I may descry:

A little face peep through that Eye;

Sure that's the boy, which wisely chose

His throne among such beams as those,

Which if his quiver chance to fall,

May serve for Darts to kill withal.

Canst thou that knowest my heart suppose,

The Mistake.

I'll fall from thee, and nothing more.

When on fair ^{Remember (dear)} ~~Celia~~ I did spy:

A wounded heart of stone,

The wound had almost made me cry,

Sure this heart was my own,

But when I saw it was ^{I had} ~~another's~~ ^{Mask} ~~not~~ ^{but on} ~~another's~~

In her celestial breast:

O then! I it no longer own'd,

For mine was ne'r so blest:

Yet if in highest heavens do shine

Each constant Martyr's heart:

Then she may well give rest to mine,

That for her sake doth smart.

Where seated in so high a bliss,

Though wounded, it ^{shall} ~~shall~~ ^{live} ~~live~~ ^{look} ~~look~~

Death enters not in Paradise,

The place free ^{He} ~~He~~ ^{doth} ~~doth ^{give} ~~give~~~~

Or if the place less sacred were,

Did but her saving ^{Bye} ~~Bye~~

With my sick heart in one kind treat,

Then should I never Dye.

Slight helps may heal a slighten sore,

No medicine less Divine

Can ever hope for to restore

A wounded heart like mine

To my Lord Admiral, on his late sickness,

With joy like ours, the Tigridan youth

Orpheus returning from the Stygian shade,

Embrace the tender, and his hand

Makes his dear life a future state

Desert them, and for his love

His vanished love, a temple

The Ladies, though the brightest

Ambitious, his hand

Their doubt, his hope

Which, shall the first

Enrapture, for whom

Makes lightning Trees, and savage Mountains groan,

Through all the Air, his sounding strings

Sorrow like that, which touch'd our hearts

Your

Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,
 At once the Land affecting, and the main,
 When the glad news, that you were Admiral,
 Scarce through the Nation spread, 'twas fear'd by all
 That our Great *Charles*, whose wisdom shines in you,
 Should be perplexed how to chuse a new,
 So more than private was the joy and grief,
 That at the worst it gave our souls relief,
 That in our Age such sense of virtue liv'd,
 They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.

Nature, her fairest light eclipsed, seems
 Her self to suffer in these sad extremities.
 While not from thence alone thy blood retires,
 But from those cheeks which all the world admires,
 The stem thus threatned, and the sap in thee
 Doop all the branches of this noble Tree,
 Their Beauties they, and we but love suspend,
 Nought can our wishes, save thy Health intend,
 As Lillies over-charg'd with Rain, they bend
 Their beauteous heads, and with high Heaven contend,
 Fold thee within their snowy Arms, and cry,
 He is too faultless, and too young to die;
 So like immortals, round about thee they
 Sit, that they fright approaching death away.

Who would not languish by so fair a train
 To be lamented and restor'd again?
 Or thus with-held, what hasty soul would go
 Though to the Blest? O'r. young *Adonis* so
 Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the precious show
 Of her warm tears cherisht the springing flower, bestow

The next support, fair hope, of your great name,
 And second Pillar of that noble frame,
 By loss of thee would no advantage have,
 But step by step pursues thee to thy grave,

And now relentless Fate about to end
 The line, which backward doth so far extend
 That antick stock, which still the world supplies
 With bravest spirits, and with brightest eyes,
 Kind *Phaebus* interposing, bade me stay,

Such stormes no more shall shake thy house, But say,
 Like *Neptune* and his sea-born Nereids be
 The shining glories of the Land and Sea,
 With courage guard, and beauty warm our age
 And Lovers fill with like Poetick rage.

On Mistris N. to the Green sickness.

Stay coward blood, and do not yield
 To thy pale sister, beauties field,

Who

Who there displaying round her white
 Ensignes, hath usurp'd thy night;
 Invading thy peculiar throne,
 The Lip, where thou shouldst rule alone,
 And on the cheek, where nature care
 Allotted each an equal share;
 Her spreading Lilly only grows,
 Whose milky deluge drowns thy Nose.

Quit not the field, faint blood, nor rush
 In the short sally of a blush
 Upon thy sister foe; but strive,
 To keep an endless war alive;
 Though peace doe petty States maintain,
 Here war alone makes Beauty reign.

Upon a table in Celia's bosome.

That lovely spot which thou dost see
 In Celia's bosome was a Bee,
 Who built her amorous spy nest
 I' th' Hyblas of her either breast,
 But from close Ivory Hives, she flew
 To suck the Aromatick dew
 Which from the neighbor vale distills,
 Which parts those two twin-sister hills,

There feasting on Ambrosial meat,
 A rowling file of Balmy sweat,
 (As in soft murmurs before death,
 Swan-like she sung) choakt up her breath.
 So she in water did expire,
 More precious than the Phoenix fire;
 Yet still her shadow there remains
 Confin'd to those Elizian Plains;
 With this strict Law, that who shall lay
 His bold lips on that milky way,
 The sweet and smart, from thence shall bring
 Of the Bees Honey, and her sting.

An Hymeneal Song on the Nuptials of the Lady
Anne Wentworth, and the Lord *Lovelace*.

Break not the slumbers of the Bride,
 But let the Sun in triumph ride,
 Scattering his beamy light;

When she awakes, he shall resign

His Rayes: and she alone shall shine
 in Glory all the night.

For she till day return, must keep

An amorous Vigil, and not sleep
 Her fair Eyes in the dew of sleep.

*Yet gently whisper as she lies,
And say her Lord waits her uprise;*

*The Priests at th' Altar stay,
With Flowry wreaths the Virgin crew
Attend while some with Roses strew,
And Mirtles trim the way;*

*Now to the Temple, and the Priest;
See her convey'd thence to the Feast;
Then back to bed, though not to rest.*

*For now to Crown his Faith and Truth,
We must admit the noble youth*

To reel in Loves Sphere.

*To rule as chief intelligence
That Orb, and happy time dispence*

To wretched Lovers here.

*For there exalted far above
All hope, fear, change, or they to move
The wheel that spins the fates of Love.*

Thy

They know no night, nor glaring noon
 Measure no hours of Sun or Moon,
 Nor mark Time's restless Glass.]

Their kisses measure as they flow,
 Minutes, and there embraces show
 The hours as they do pass.

Their motions, the years circle make,
 And we from their conjunctions take
 Rules to make Love an Almanack,

A married Woman.

When I shall marry, if I do not find
 A wife thus moulded, I'll create this mind;

Nor from her noble birth, nor ample Dower,

Beauty, or Wit, shall she derive a power

To prejudice my right, but if she be

A subject born, she shall be so to me:

As to the soul the flesh, as Appetite

To reason is, which shall our wills unite

In habits so confirm'd, as no rough sway

Shall once appear, if she but learn t'obey.

For in habitual virtues sense is wrought

To that calm temper as the body's thought
 To have nor Blood, nor Gall, if wild and rude
 Passions of Lust and Anger are subdu'd;
 When 'tis the fair obedience to the soul,
 Doth in the birth those swelling acts controul,
 If I in murder steep my furious rage,
 Or with Adult'ry my hot Lust allwage,
 Will it suffice to say my sense, the Beast
 Provok't me to't: could I my soul develt,
 My plea were good. Lyons, and Bulls commit
 Both freely, but man must in judgement sit,
 And tame this Beast, for *Adam* was not free,
 When in excuse he said, *Eve* gave it me:
 Had he not eaten, the perhaps had been
 Unpunisht, his consent made hers a sin.

A Divine Love.

Why should dull Art which is wise Natures Ape,
 If she produce a shape
 So far beyond all patterns, that of old
 Fell from her mould

As thine (admir'd *Lucinda*) not bring forth

An equal wonder to express that worth

In some new way, that hath

Like her great work, no print of vulgar path ?

2.

Is it because the rapes of Poetry,

Rifeling the spacious Sky

Of all his fires, light, beauty, influence,

Did those dispenſe

On Airy creations that ſurpaſt

The real works of Nature, ſhe at laſt

To prove their raptures vain,

Shew'd ſuch a light as Poets could not feign ?

3.

Or is it 'cauſe the factious wits did vie

With vain Idolatry,

Whoſe Goddeſs was ſupreme, and ſo had hard

Schiſme through the world,

Whoſe Prieſt ſung ſweeteſt ſays; thou didſt appear

A glorious myſtery ſo dark, ſo clear,

As Nature did intend

All ſhould confeſs, but none might comprehend ?

4.

Perhaps all other Beauties ſhare a light

Proportion'd to the light

M

Of

Of weak mortality, scatt'ring such loose fires,
 As stir desires,
 And from the brain distil salt amorous rhumes,
 Whilst thy immortal flame such dross consumes,
 And from the earthy mold
 With purging fires severs the purer gold.

5.

If so, then why in Fames immortal scrowl,
 Do we their names inroul,
 Whose easie Hearts, and wanton Eyes did sweat
 With sensual heat?

If *Petrarch's* unarm'd bosome catch a wound
 From a light glance, must *Laura* be renown'd?

Or both a glory gain,
 He from ill-govern'd Love, she from disdain?

6.

Shall he more fam'd in his great Art become,
 For wilful martyrdom?

Shall she more Title gain to chaste and fair
 Through his despair?

Is *Troy* more noble 'cause to ashes turn'd,
 Than Virgin Cities that yet never burn'd?

Is fire when it consumes
 Temples, more fire, than when it melts perfumes?

7. Cause

Cause Venus from the Ocean took her form

Must Love needs be a storm?

Cause she her wanton shrines in Islands rears,

Through seas of tears,

O'r Rocks and Gulphs; with our own sighs for gales,

Must we to Cyprus, or to Paphos sail?

Can there no way be given,

But a true Hell that leads to her false heaven.

Loves force.

IN the first ruder age, when Love was wild,

Not yet by Laws reclaim'd, not reconcil'd

To order, nor by reason mann'd, but flew.

Full-summ'd by Nature, on the instant view

Upon the wings of appetite, at all

The Eye could fair, or sense delightful call:

Election was not yet, but as their cheap

Food from the Oak, or the next Acorn-heap;

As water from the nearest Spring or Brook,

So men their undistinguish'd Females took

By chance, not choice; but soon the heavenly spark

That in mans bosome lurk'd, broke through this dark

Confusion, then the noblest breast first felt
It self, for its own proper object melt.

A Fancy.

Mark how this polish'd *Eastern* sheet
Doth with our *Northern* tincture meet,
For though the Paper seem to sink,
Yet it receives, and bears the Ink;
And on her smooth soft brow these spots
Seem rather ornaments than blots;
Like those you Ladies use to place
Mysteriously about your face;
Not only to set off and break
Shadows and Eye-beams, but to speak
To the skil'd Lover, and relate
Unheard, his sad or happy Fate:
Nor do their Characters delight,
As careless works of Black and White:
But 'cause you underneath may find
A sense that can inform the mind;
Divine, or moral rules impart,
Or Raptures of Poetick Art;
So what at first was only fit
To fold up Silks, may wrap up wit.

COELVM BRITANNICVM.

A

MASQUE

A T

WHITEHALL

In the Banqueting-house, on Shrove-Tuesday-night, the Eighteenth of February, 1633.

The Inventors,
Tho. Carew. Inigo Jones.

*Non habet ingenium; Cæsar sed jussit: habebo.
Cur me posse negem, posse quod ille putat*

In the SAVOY,

Printed for Henry Herringman at the Blew Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New-Exchange, 1670.

COPIES OF THE

MASQUE

IN THE

In the dancing-hall, on the night of the
17th night, the first night of the
year 1633.

The Inventors,
The Court, and the People.

New and ingenious, and full of wit and
curious and elegant, and full of wit and

In the 8th NO.

Printed for Henry Baskin at the sign of
the Lion in the lower part of the
Exchange, 1630.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE SCÆNE.



The first thing that presented it self to the sight, was a rich Ornament that enclosed the Scæne, in the upper part of which were great branches of Foliage growing out of leaves and husks, with a Coronice at the top; and in the midst was placed a large Compartment composed of Grotesk work, wherein were Harpies with Wings and Lyons Claws, and their hinder parts converted into Leaves and Branches, over all was a broken Frontispiece, wrought with Scrowls and Masque heads of Children, and within this a Table adorn'd with a lesser compartment, with this Inscription, *COELUM BRITANNICUM*. The two sides of this Ornament were thus ordered: First, from the ground arose a square Basement, and on the Plinth stood a great vase of Gold, richly en- chased, and beautify'd with Sculptures of great Relieve, with frutages hanging from the upper- part; at the foot of this sat two youths naked,

in their natural colours, each of these with one Arm supported the Vaze, on the Cover of which stood two young Women in Draperies, arme in arme; the one figuring the Glory of Princes and the other Mansuetude: their other arms bore up an Oval, in which, to the Kings Majesty was this Imprese, a Lyon with an Imperial Crown on his head; the word, *Animum sub pectore forti*: On the other side was the like Composition, but the designe of the Figures varied; and in the Oval on the top, being born up by Nobility and Fecundity, was this Imprese to the Queens Majesty, a Lilly growing with Branches and Leaves, and three lesser Lillies springing out of the Stem; the word, *Semper inclyta virtus*: all this Ornament was heightened with Gold, and for the Invention, and various composition was the newest and most gracious that hath been done in this place.

The Curtain was watchet, and a pale yellow in panes, which flying up on the sudden, discovered the Scene, representing old Arches, old Palaces, decayed Walls, parts of Temples, Theatres, Basilica's and Thermes, with confused heaps of broken Columnes, Bases, Coronices and Statues, lying as under-ground, and altogether resembling the ruines of some great City of the ancient Romans, or civiliz'd Britains. This strange prospect detain'd the eyes of the Spectators some time, when to a loud Musick *Mercury* descends; on the upper part of his Chariot stands a Cock in action of crowing: his Habit was a Coat of Flame-colour

girt

girt to him, and a white Mantle trimm'd with Gold and Silver; upon his head a wreath with small fads of white Feathers, a Caduceus in his hand, and wings at his heels: being come to the ground he dismounts, and goes up to the State.

Mercury.

From the high Senate of the gods, to You
Bright glorious Twins of Love and Majesty,
Before whose Throne three warlike Nations bend
Their willing knees, on whose Imperial brows
The Regal Circle prints no awful frowns
To fright your subjects, but whose calmer eyes
Shed joy and safety on their melting hearts
That flow with cheerful loyal reverence,
Come I *Cyllenus*, *Jove's* Ambassador,
Not as of old, to whisper amorous tales
Of wanton love, into the glowing Ear
Of some choice Beauty in this numerous Train;
Those days are fled, the rebel flame is quench'd
In heavenly breasts, the gods have sworn by *Six*,
Never to tempt yielding mortality
To loose embraces. Your exemplar life
Hath not alone transfus'd a zealous heat
Of imitation through your virtuous Court,
By whose bright blaze your Palace is become
The envy'd pattern of this under world,
But the aspiring flame hath kindled heaven;
Th' immortal bosoms burn with emulous fires,
Jove rivals your great virtues, Royal Sir,
And *Juno*, Madam, your attractive graces;
He his wild lusts, her raging jealousies

She

She lays aside. and through the Olympique hall,
 As yours doth here, their great example spreads.
 And though of old, when youthful blood conspir'd
 With his new Empire, prone to heats of Lust,
 He acted Incests, Rapes, Adulteries
 On earthly Beauties, which his raging Queen,
 Swoln with revengeful fury, turn'd to beasts,
 And in despite he transform'd to Stars,
 Till he had fill'd the crowded Firmament
 With his loose Strumpets, and their spurious race,
 Where the eternal records of his shame
 Shine to the world in flaming Characters;
 When in the Chrystal mirror of your Reign
 He view'd himself, he found his loathsome stains;
 And now to expiate the infectious guilt
 Of those detested luxuries, he'll chase
 Th' infamous lights from their usurped Sphere,
 And drown in the *Lethæan* flood their cur'd
 Both names and memories. In whose vacant rooms,
 First you succeed, and of the wheeling Orbe
 In the most eminent and conspicuous point,
 With dazeling Beams and spreading Magnitude,
 Shine the bright Pole Star of this Hemisphere.
 Next, by your side, in a triumphant Chair,
 And crown'd with *Ariadne's* Diadem,
 Sits the fair Consort of your heart and Throne;
 Diffus'd about you, with that share of light
 As they of vertue have deriv'd from you,
 He'll fix this noble train of either sex;
 So to the British Stars this lower Globe
 Shall owe its light, and they alone dispence
 To th' world a pure refined influence.

Enter *Momus* attired in a long darkish Robe, all
 wrought over with Ponyards, Serpents,
 Tongues, Eyes and Ears; his Beard and Hair
 party-

party-coloured, and upon his Head a Wreath
stuck with Feathers, and a Porcupine in the
forepart.

Momus.

BY your leave, Mortals. Good Cozen *Her-*
mes, your pardon good my Lord Ambassa-
dor: I found the Tables of your Arms and Vi-
cles, in every Inne betwixt this and *Olympus*, where
your present expedition is Registred: your Nine
thousand nine hundred ninety ninth Legation. I
cannot reach the policy why your Master breeds
so few Statesmen, it suits not with his Dignity,
that in the whole Empyreum there should not be
a god fit to send on these honourable errands but
your self, who are not yet so careful of his Honour
or your own, as might become your Quality, when
you are itinerant the Hosts upon the high way
cry out with open mouth upon you for supporting
plafery in your Train, which though, as you are the
god of petty Larciny, you might protect, yet you
know it is directly against the new Orders, and op-
poses the Reformation in Diameter.

Merc. Peace Railer, bridle your licentious
tongue.

And let this Presence teach you modesty.

Mom. Let it if it can, in the mean time I will
acquaint it with my condition. Know, (gay people)
that

that though your poets who enjoy by Patent a particular priviledge to draw down any of the Deities from Twelfe-night to Shrove-Tuesday, at what time there is annually a most familiar entercourse between the two Courts, have as yet never invited me to these Solemnities, yet it shall appear by my intrusion this night, that I am a very considerable person upon these occasions, and may most properly assist at such entertainments. My name is *Momus ap-Somnus-ap-Erebus-ap-Chaos-ap-Demorgorgon-ap-Eternity*. My Offices and Titles are, the Supreme Theomastix, Hypercritique of manners, Protonotary of abuses, Arch-Informer, Dilator-General, Universal Calumniator, Eternal plaintiff, and perpetual Foreman of the Grand Inquest. My priviledges are an Ubiquitary, circumambulatory, speculative, interrogatory, redargutory immunity over all the privy lodgings, behind hangings, doors, curtains, through key-holes, chinks, windows, about all venereal Lobbies, sconces, or redoubts, though it be to the surprize of a perdu Page or Chambermaid; in, and at all Courts of civil and criminal Judicature, all Councils, Consultations, and Parliamentary Assemblies, where though I am but a Wool-sack god, and have no vote in the sanction of new Laws, I have yet a prerogative of wiesting the old to any whatsoever interpretation, whether it be to the behoof, or prejudice of *Jupiter*, his Crown and Dignity, for, or against the Rights of either house of patrician or plebeian gods. My
natural

natural qualities are to make *Jove* frown, *Juno* pout, *Mars* chafe, *Venus* blush, *Vulcan* glow, *Saturn* quake, *Cynthia* pale, *Phabus* hide his face, and *Mercury* here rake his heels. My recreations are witty mischiefs, as when *Saturn* gets his Father; the Smith caught his wife and her *Bravo* in a net of Cobweb Iron; and *Hebe*, through the Lubricity of the pavement tumbling over the Hallspace, presented the Emblem of the forked tree, and discover'd to the tann'd Ethiops the snowy cliffs of *Calabria*, with the Grotta of *Puteolum*. But that you may arrive at the perfect knowledge of me, by the familiar illustration of a Bird of mine own feather; old *Peter Aretine*, who reduc'd all the Scepters and Miters of that age tributary to his wit, was my parallel, and *Frank Rablais* suck'd much of my Milk too; but your Modern French *Hospital* of Oratory, is a meer counte feit, an arrant Mountebank, for though fearing no other fortunes than his Sciatica, he discourse of Kings and Queens with as little reverence as of Grooms and Chambermaids, yet he wants their fangteeth and Scorpions tail; I mean that fellow, who to add to his stature, thinks it a greater grace to dance on his tiptoes like a Dog in a doublet, than to walk like other men on the soles of his feet.

Merc. No more impertinent Trifeler, you disturb

The great affair with your rude scurrilous chat.
What doth the knowledge of your abject state
Concern *Joves* solemn Message?

Alom.

Mars. Sir, by your favour, though you have a more especial Commission of employment from *Jupiter*, and a larger entertainment from his Exchequer, yet as a freeborn god I have the liberty to travel at mine own charges, without your pass or countenance Legatine; and that it may appear a sedulous acute observer, may know as much as dull stegmatique Ambassador, and wears a treble key to unlock the mysterious Cyphers of your dark secrecies, I will discourse the politique state of Heaven to this trim Audience.

At this the Scene changerth, and in the heaven is discovered a Sphere, with Stars placed in their several Images; born up by a huge naked Figure (only a piece of Drapery hanging over his thigh) kneeling and bowing forwards; as if the great weight lying on his shoulders oppressed him; upon his head a Crown, by all which he might easily be known to be *Atlas*.
 — You shall understand, that *Jupiter* upon the inspection of I know not what vertuous Presidents extant (as they say) here in this Court, but as I more probably guess out of the consideration of the decay of his natural abilities, hath before a frequent convocation of the Superlunary Peers in a solemn Oration recanted, disclaimed, and utterly renounced all the lascivious extravagancies and notorious enormities of his forepast licentious life, and taken his oath on *Junos* Breviary, religiously kissing the two-leav'd Book, never to stretch his limbs more betwixt adulterous sheets,
 and

and hath with pathetical remonstrances exhorted, and under strict penalties enjoyned,, a respective conformity in the several subordinate Deities ; and because the Libertines of antiquity, the Ribald Poets, to perpetuate the memory and example of their triumphs over Chastity, to all future imitation, have in their immortal songs celebrated the martyrdom of those Strumpets under the persecution of the Wives, and devolved to posterity the pedigrees of their Whores, Bawds, and Bastards. It is therefore by the authority aforesaid enacted, that this whole Army of Constellations be immediately disbanded and cashiered, so to remove all imputation of impiety from the Cœlestial Spirits, and all lustful influences upon terrestrial bodies, and consequently that there be an Inquisition erected to expunge in the ancient, and suppress in the modern and succeeding Poems and Pamphlets, all past, present, and future mention of those abjur'd heresies, and to take particular notice of all ensuing Incontinencies, and punish them in their High Commission Court. Am not I in election to be a tall Statesman, think you, that can repeat a passage thus punctually :

Merc. I shun in vain the importunity,
With which this snarler vexeth all the gods,
For cannot scape him: wel, what else from heaven?

Mom. Heaven ! Heaven is no more the place it
was, a Cloyster of Carthusians, a Monastery of
converted gods, *Jove* is grown old and fearful,
appre-

apprehends a subversion of his Empire, and doubts
 lest Fate should introduce a legal Succession in the
 legitimate heir, by repossessing the Titanian line,
 and hence springs all this innovation. We have
 had new Orders read in the Presence-Chamber,
 by the Vice-President of *Parnassus*, too strict to be
 observed long. Monopolies are called in, sophi-
 stication of wares punished, and rates imposed
 on commodities. Injunctions are gone out to
 the Nectar Brewers, for the purging of the hea-
 venly Beverage of a narcotique weed which hath
 rendred the *Idæa's* confus'd in the Divine intel-
 lects, and reducing it to the composition used in
Saturns Reign. Edicts are made for the restoring
 of decayed house-keeping, prohibiting the re-
 pair of Families to the Metropolis, but this did
 endanger an Amazonian mutiny, till the Females
 put on a more Masculine resolution of soliciting
 businesses in their own persons, and leaving their
 Husbands at home for stallions of hospitality.
Bacchus hath commanded all Taverns to be shut
 and no Liquor drawn after Ten at night. *Cupid*
 must go no more so scandalously naked, but is
 enjoyned to make him breeches, though of his
 Mothers petticoats. *Ganimede* is forbidden the
 Bed-chamber, and must only Minister in publick.
 The Gods must keep no Pages, nor Grooms of
 their chamber, under the age of 25, and those
 provided of a competent stock of beard. *Pan*
 may not pipe, nor *Proteus* juggle, but by especial
 permission. *Vulcan* was brought to an Oretenus
 and

and fined, for driving in a plate of Iron into one of the Suns Chariot-wheels, and frost-nailing his Horses upon the Fifth of *November* last, for breach of a penal Statute, prohibiting work upon Holidays, that being the annual celebration of the Gygantomachy. In brief, the whole state of the Hierarchy suffers a total reformation, especially in the point of reciprocation of conjugal affection. *Venus* hath confest all her adulteries, and is receiv'd to grace by her Husband, who conscious of the great disparity betwixt her perfections and his deformities, allows those levities as an equal counterpoize; but it is the prettiest spectacle to see her stroaking with her Ivory hand his colled Cheeks, and with her snowy Fingers combing his sooty Beard. *Jupiter* too begins to learn to lead his own wife, I left him practising in the milky way; and there is no doubt of an universal obedience, where the Lawgiver himself in his own person observes his decrees so punctually, who besides to eternize the memory of that great example of Matrimonial union which he derives from hence, hath on his Bed-chamber door and feeling, fretted with Stars in capital Letters, engraven the Inscription of *CARLO-MARIA*. This is as much I am sure as either your knowledge or instructions can direct you to, which I having in a blunt round tale, without State, Formality, politique Inferences, or suspected Rhetorical elegancies already delivered, you may now dexterously proceed to the second part of

N

your

your charge, which is the raking of your heavenly sparks up in the Embers, or reducing the Ethereal lights to their primitive opacity, and gross dark subsistence: they are all unrivited from the Sphere, and hang loose in their sockets, where they but attend the waving of your Caduce, and immediately they reinvest their pristine shapes, and appear before you in their own natural deformities,

Merc. Momus Thou shalt prevail, for since thy bold Intrusion hath inverted my resolves,
I must obey necessity, and thus turn
My face, to breath the Thunderers just decree
Gainst this adulterate Sphere, which first I purge
Of loathsome Monsters, and mis-shapen forms;
Down from her azure concave, thus I charm
The Lernean Hydra, the rough unlick'd Bear?
The watchful Dragon, the storm-boading Whale,
The Centaur, the horn'd Goatfish Capricorn,
The Snake-head Gorgon, and fierce Sagittar:
Divested of your gorgeous starry robes,
Fall from the circling Orb, and e'r you suck
Fresh venome in, measure this happy earth,
Then to the Fens, Caves, Forrests, Desarts, Seas,
Fly, and resume your native qualities.

*They dance in those monstrous shapes, the first
Antimask of natural deformity.*

Mom. Are not these fine companions trim Play-fellows for the Deities? yet these and their fellows have made up all our conversation for some thousands of years. Do not you fair Ladies acknowledge your selves deeply engaged now to those

those Poets your servants, that in the height of commendation have rais'd your beauties to a parallel with such exact proportions, or at least rank'd you in their spruce society? Hath not the consideration of these Inhabitants rather frighted your thoughts utterly from the contemplation of the place? but now that these heavenly Mansions are to be void, you that shall hereafter be found unlodged will become unexcusable; especially since vertue alone shall be sufficient title, fine, and rent: yet if there be a Lady not competently stock'd that way, he shall not on the instant utterly despair, if she carry a sufficient pawn of handsomness; for however the Letter of the Law runs, *Jupiter* notwithstanding his age and present austerity, will never refuse to stamp beauty, and make it current with his own impression. but to such as are destitute of both, I can afford but small encouragement. Proceed *Cozen Mercury*, what follows?

Merc. Look up and mark where the bright Zodiack Hangs like a Belt about the Brest of Heaven;
On the right shoulder like a flaming Jewel,
His shell with Nine rich Topazes adorn'd,
Lord of this Tropique, sit the skalding Crab,
He, when the Sun gallops in full career
His annual race, his gaitly claws uprear'd,
Frights at the confines of the torrid Zone
The fiery team, and proudly stops their course,
Making a solstice, till the fierce Steeds learn
His backward paces, and so retrograde,
Poste down hill to th' opposed Capricorn,
Thus I depose him from his lofty Throne;

Drop from the Sky, into the briny flood,
 There teach thy motion to the ebbing Sea,
 But let those fires that beautify'd thy shell
 Take humane shapes, and the disorder shew
 Of thy regressive paces here below,

The Second Antimasque is danc'd in retrograde paces, expressing obliquity in motion.

Mom. This Crab, I confess, did ill become the heavens but there is another that more infests the earth, and makes such a solstice in the politer Arts and Sciences, as they have not been observed for many Ages to have made any sensible advance: could you but lead the learned squadrons with a masculine resolution past this point of retrogradation, it were a benefit to mankind, worthy the power of a god, and to be payed with Altars; but that not being the work of this night, you may pursue your purposes: what now succeeds?

Merc. Vice, that unbodied, in the Appetite Erects his Throne, hath yet, in bestial shapes, Branded, by Nature, with the Character And distinct stamp of some peculiar Ill, Mounted the Sky, and fix'd his Trophies there: As fawning flattery in the little Dog; I th' bigger, churlish Murmur, Cowardize I th' timorous Hare; Ambition in the Eagle; Rapine and Avarice in th' adventurous Ship That sail'd to *Colchos* for the Golden Fleece; Drunken distemper in the Goblet flows; I th' Dart and Scorpion, biting Calumny;

In *Hercules* and the Lyon, furious rage;
 Vain Ostentation in *Cassiope*:
 All these I to eternal exile doom,
 But to this place their Emblem'd Vices summon,
 Clad in those proper Figures by which best
 Their incorporeal nature is exprest.

*The Third Antimasque is danc'd of these several
 Vices, expressing their deviation from Vertue.*

Mom. From henceforth it shall be no more
 said in the Proverb, when you would express a
 riotous Assembly, that Hell, but Heaven is broke
 loose: this was an arrant Goale-delivery, all the
 Prisons of your great Cities could not have vo-
 mited more corrupt matter: but Cozen *Cyllenius*,
 in my judgement it is not safe that these infectious
 persons should wander here to the hazard of this
 Island, they threatned less danger when they were
 nail'd to the Firmament: I should conceive it a
 very discreet course, since they are provided of a
 tall vessel of their own ready rigg'd, to embark
 them altogether in that good ship called the *Argo*,
 and send them to the Plantation in *New-England*,
 which hath purg'd more virulent humours from
 the politique body, than *Guaicum* and all the *West-
 Indian* drugs have from the natural bodies of this
 Kingdom. Can you devise how to dispose of them
 better?

Merc. They cannot breath this pure and temperate Air
 Where Vertue lives, but will with hasty flight,

'Mongst Fogs and Vapors, seek unsound abodes.
 Fly after them from your usurped seats,
 You foul remainders of that viporous brood :
 Let not a starre of a luxurious race
 With his loose blaze stain the skies crystal face.

All the Stars are quench'd, and the Sphear darkened.

Before the entry of every Antimasque, the stars in those Figures in the Sphear which they were to represent, were extinct ; so as by the end of the Antimasque in the Sphear no more Stars were seen.

Mom. Here is a total Eclipse of the Eighth Spear, which neither *Booker*, *Allestre*, nor any of your Prognosticators, no nor their great Master *Ticho* were aware of, but yet in my opinion there were some innocent, and some generous Constellations, that might have been reserved for Noble uses : as the Scales and Sword to adorn the Statue of Justice, since she resides here on Earth only in Picture and Effigie. The Eagle had been a fit present for the Germans, in regard their Bird hath mew'd most of her feathers lately. The Dolphin too had been most welcome to the French, and then had you but clapt *Persens* on his *Pegasus*, brandishing his sword, the Dragon yawning on his back under the horses feet, with *Python's* Dart through his Throat, there had been a Divine *St George* for this Nation : but since you have improvidently shuffled them altogether, it now rests only that we provide an immediate succession

cession, and to that purpose I will instantly proclaim a free Election.

*O yes, O yes, O yes,
By the Father of the gods,
and the King of men,*

Whereas we having observed a very commendable practice taken into frequent use by the Princes of these latter ages, of perpetuating the memory of their famous enterprizes, sieges, battels, victories, in Picture, Sculpture, Tapistry, Embroideries, and other manufactures, wherewith they have embellished their publike palaces, and taken into our more distinct and serious consideration, the particular Christmas-hanging of the Guard-Chamber of this Court, wherein the Naval victory of 88. is to the eternal glory of this Nation exactly delineated; and whereas We likewise out of a propheticall imitation of this so laudable custome, did for many thousand years before, adorn and beautify the Eighth room of our celestial Mansion, commonly called the Star-chamber, with the Military adventures, stratagems, achievements, feats and defeats, performed in Our Own person, whilst yet Our Standard was erected, and we a Combatant in the Amorous warfare, It hath notwithstanding, after mature deliberation, and long debate, held first in our own inscrutable bosome, and afterwards communicated with Our Privy-Counsel, seemed meet to Our Omnipotency, for causes to Our self best known, to unfurnish

nish and dis-array Our fore-said Star-Chamber of all those antient Constellations which have for so many Ages been sufficiently notorious, and to admit into their vacant places, such Persons only as shall be qualified with exemplar Vertue and eminent desert, there to shine in indelible Characters of Glory to all posterity. It is therefore Our divine Will and Pleasure, voluntarily, and out of our own free and proper motion, meer grace, and special favour, by these presents to specify and declare to all our loving people, that it shall be lawful for any person whatsoever, that conceiveth him or her self to be really endued with any Heroical Vertue, or transcendent Merit, worthy so high a calling and dignity, to bring their several pleas and pretences before Our Right trusty and Wel-beloved Cozen, and Counsellor Don *Mercury*, and god *Momus*, &c. Our peculiar Delegates for that affair, upon whom we have transferr'd an absolute power to conclude and determine without Appeal or Revocation, accordingly as to their wisdoms it shall in such cases appear behevoful and expedient, Given at Our Palace in *Olympus* the first day of the first month, in the first year of the Reformation.

Plutus enters, an old man full of wrinkles, a bald head, a thin white beard, spectacles on his nose, with a buncht back, and attir'd in a Robe of Cloth of Gold.

Plutus

Plutus appears.

Merc. Who's this appears?

Mom. This is a subterranean Fiend, *Plutus* in this Dialect term'd Riches, or the god of Gold; a poyson hid by Providence in the bottom of the Seas, and Navil of the Earth, from mans discovery, where if the seeds begun to sprout above ground, the excrescence was carefully guarded by dragons; yet at last by humane curiosity brought to light, to their own destruction; this being the true *Pandora's* box, whence issued all those mischiefs that now fill the Universe.

Plut. That I prevent the message of the gods
Thus with my haste, and not attend their summons,
Which ought in Justice call me to the place
I now require of Right, is not alone
To shew the just precedence that I hold
Before all earthly, next th' immortal powers;
But to exclude the hopes of partial Grace
In all Pretenders, who, since I descend
To equal Trial, must by my example,
Waving your favour, claim by sole Desert.

If Vertue must inherit, she's my slave;
I lead her captive in a golden chain,
About the world; she takes her Form and Being
From my creation, and those barren seeds
That drop from heaven, if I not cherish them
With my distilling dews, and sove heat,
They know no vegetation; but expos'd
To blasting winds of freezing Poverty,
Or not shoot forth at all, or budding, wither,

Should

Should I proclaim the daily sacrifice
 Brought to my Temples by the toyling rout,
 Not of the fat and gore of abject Beasts,
 But humane sweat, and blood powr'd on my Altars,
 I might provoke the envy of the gods,
 Turn but your eyes and mark the busie world,
 Climbing steep Mountains for the sparkling stones,
 Piercing the Center for the shining Ore,
 And the Oceans bosome to take pearly sands,
 Crossing the torrid and the frozen Zones
 Midst Rocks and swallowing Gulfs for gainful trade,
 And through opposing swords, fire, murdering Canon :
 Scaling the walled Towns for precious spoils,
 Plant in the passage to your heavenly seats,
 These horrid dangers, and then see who dares
 Advance his desperate foot : yet am I sought
 And oft in vain, through these and greater hazards :
 I could discover how your Deities
 Are for my sake slighted, despis'd, abus'd,
 Your Temples, Shrines, Altars, and Images,
 Uncover'd, rifled, robb'd, and dis-array'd
 By sacrilegious hands : yet is this treasure
 To th' golden Mountain, where I sit ador'd,
 With superstitious solemn rights convey'd,
 And becomes sacred there, the sordid wretch
 Not daring touch the consecrated Ore,
 Or with prophane hands lessen the bright heap :
 But this might draw your anger down on mortals,
 For rendring me the homage due to you :
 Yet what is said may well express my power
 Too great for Earth, and only fit for Heaven.
 Now, for your pastime, view the naked root,
 Which in the dirty Earth, and base mould drown'd,
 Sends forth this precious Plant, and Golden fruit.
 You lusty Swains, that to your grazing flocks

pipe amorous Roundelays; you toyling Hinds,
That barbe the fields, and to your merry Teams
Whistle your passions; and you mining Moles,
That in the bowels of your Mother-Earth
Dwell the Eternal burthen of her womb,
Cease from your labours, when Wealth bids you play,
Sing, dance, and keep a cheerful Holiday.

*They dance the Fourth Antimasque, consisting of
Countrey-people, Musick and Measures.*

Merc. *Plutus* the gods know and confess your power
Which feeble Vertue seldom can resist;
Stronger than Towers of Brass, or Chastity;
Jove knew you when he courted *Danaë*,
And *Cupid* wears you on that Arrows head
That still prevails. But the gods keep their Throne,
To enstall vertue, not her Enemies;
They dread thy force, which even themselves have felt,
Witness Mount *Ida*, where the Martial Maid,
And frowning *Juno* did to mortal Eyes
Naked, for Gold, their sacred bodies show;
Therefore, for ever be from Heaven banish'd.
But since with toyl from undiscover'd worlds
Thou art brought hither, where thou first didst breath
The thirst of Empire, into Regal breasts,
And frightedst quiet peace from her meek Throne,
Filling the world with tumult, blood, and warre,
Follow the Camps of the contentious Earth,
And be the Conquerors slave, but he that can
Or conquer thee, or give thee vertuous stamp,
Shall shine in heaven a pure immortal Lamp.

Mom. Nay stay, and take my benediction a-
long with you. I could, being here a Co-Judge,
like

like others in my place, now that you are condemn'd, either rayl at you, or break jests upon you, but I rather choose to loose a word of good counsel, and entreat you be more careful in your choice of company: for you are always found either with Misers, that not use you at all; or with fools, that know not how to use you well. Be not hereafter so reserv'd and coy to men of worth and parts, so you shall gain such credit, as at the next Sessions you may be heard with better success. But till you are thus reform'd, I pronounce this positive sentence, That wheresoever you shall chuse to abide, your society shall add no credit or reputation to the party, nor your discontinuance, or total absence, be matter of disparagement to any man; and whosoever shall hold a contrary estimation of you, shall be condemn'd to wear perpetual Motley, unless he recant his opinion. Now you may void the Court.

Pania enters, a Woman of a pale colour, large brims of a hat upon her head, through which her hair started up like a fury, her Robe was of a dark colour, full of patches, about one of her hands was tied a chain of Iron, to which was fastned a weighty stone, which she bore up under her Arm.

Merc. What Creature's this?

Mom. The Antipodes to the other, they move like Two Buckets, or as Two nails drive out one another; If Riches depart, Poverty will enter.

Pov. I nothing doubt (Great and Immortal Powers)
But that the place your wisdom hath deny'd

My

My foe, your Justice will conferre on me ;
 Since that which renders him incapable,
 Proves a strong plea for me. I could pretend,
 Even in these rags, a larger Sovereignty
 Then gaudy Wealth in all his pomp can boast ;
 For mark how few they are that share the world :
 The numerous Armies, and the swarming Ants
 That fight and toil for them, are all my Subjects,
 They take my Wages, wear my Livery :
 Invention too and Wit, are both my creatures,
 And the whole race of Vertue is my Off-spring ;
 As many mischiefs issue from my womb ;
 And those as mighty as proceed from Gold.
 Oft o'r his Throne I wave my awful Scepter,
 And in the bowels of his State command,
 When 'midst his heaps of coyn, and hills of gold,
 I pine and starve the avaritious Fool.
 But I decline those titles, and lay claim
 To heaven, by right of Divine contemplation ;
 She is my Darling, I, in my soft lap,
 Free from disturbing cares, bargains, accounts,
 Leases, Rents, Stewards, and the fear of Theeves,
 That vex the rich, nurse her in calm repose,
 And with her, all the Vertues speculative,
 Which, but with me, find no secure retreat.

For entertainment of this hour, Ile call
 A race of people to this place, that live
 At Natures charge, and not importune heaven
 To chain the winds up, or keep back the storms,
 To stay the Thunder, or forbid the Hail
 To thresh the unreap'd ear ; but to all weathers,
 The chilling frost, and scalding Sun, expose
 Their equal face. Come forth, my swarthy train,
 In this fair circle dance, and as you move,
Mark, and foretell happy events of Love.

They dance the Fifth Antimasque of Gypsies.

Mom. I cannot but wonder that your perpetual conversation with Poets and Philosophers hath furnished you with no more Logick, or that you should think to impose upon us so gross an inference, as because *Plutus* and you are contrary, therefore whatsoever is denyed of the one, must be true of the other; as if it should follow of necessity, because he is not *Jupiter*, you are. No, I give you to know, I am better vers'd in cavils with the gods, than to swallow such a fallacy, for though you two cannot be together in one place, yet there are many places that may be without you both, and such is heaven, where neither of you are likely to arrive: therefore let me advise you to marry your self to Content, and begget sage Apothegmes, and goodly moral Sentences in dispraise of Riches, and contempt of the world.

Merc. Thou dost presume too much, poor needy wretch,
 To claim a station in the Firmament,
 Because thy humble Cottage, or thy Tub,
 Nurses some lazy or Pedantique vertue
 In the cheap Sun-shine, or by shady springs
 With roots and pot-herbs, where thy right hand,
 Tearing those humane passions from the mind
 Upon whose stocks fair blooming vertues flourish,
 Degradeth Nature, and benummeth sense,
 And Gorgon-like, turns active men to stone,
 We not require the dull society
 Of your necessitated temperance,

Or

Or that unnatural stupidity
 That knows nor joy, nor sorrow; nor your forc'd
 Falsly exalted passive Fortitude
 Above the Active: this low abject brood,
 That fix their seats in mediocrity,
 Become your servile mind; but we advance
 Such vertues only as admit excess,
 Brave bounteous Acts, Regal Magnificence;
 All-seeing Prudence, Magnanimity
 That knows no bound, and that Heroick vertue
 For which Antiquity hath left no name,
 But patterns only, such as *Hercules*.
Achilles, *Thesens*. Back to thy loath'd Cell,
 And when thou seest the new enlightned Sphere,
 Study to know but what those Worthies were,

Tyche enters, her head bold behind, and one
 great lock before, wings at her shoulders, and
 in her hand a Wheel, her upper parts naked,,
 and the skirt of her Garment wrought all over
 with Crowns, Scepters, Books, and such other
 things as expresse both her greatest and smallest
 gifts.

Mom. See where Dame *Fortune* comes, you
 may know her by her wheel, and that vail over
 her Eyes, with which she hopes like a feel'd Pi-
 geon to mount above the Clouds, and pearch in
 the Eighth Sphere: listen, she begins.

Fort. I come not here (you gods) to plead the Right,
 By which Antiquity assign'd my Deity,
 Though no peculiar station 'mongst the Stars,
 Yet general power to rule their influence,
 Or boast the Title of Omnipotent,

Ascrib'd

Ascrib'd me then, bo which I rival'd *Jove*,
 Since you have cancell'd all those old Records:
 But confident in my good cause and merit,
 Claim a succession in the vacant Orb;
 For since *Astræa* fled to heaven, I sit
 Her Deputy on Earth, I hold her Scales
 And weigh mens Fates out, who have made me blind
 Because themselves want Eyes to see my causes;
 Call me inconstant, 'cause my works surpass
 The shallow fathom of their humane reason;
 Yet here, like blinded Justice, I dispence
 With my impartial hands their constant lots,
 And if desertless, impious men engross
 My best rewards, the fault is yours, ye gods,
 That scant your graces to mortality,
 And niggards of your good, scarce spare the world
 One vertuous for a thou and wicked men;
 It is no error to conferrea dignity,
 But to bestow it on a vicious man;
 I gave the dignity, but you made the vice.
 Make you men good, and Ile make good men happy:
 That *Plutus* is refus'd, dismays me not,
 He is my drudge, and the external pomp
 In which he decks the World, proceeds from me,
 Not him, like Harmony, that not resides
 In strings or notes, but in the hand and voice,
 The revolutions of Empires, States,
 Scepters, and Crowns, are but my game and sport,
 Which as they hang on the events of war
 So those depend upon my turning wheel.
 You warlike Squadrons, who in battels joyn'd,
 Dispute the Right of Kings, which I decide,
 Present the model of that martial frame,
 By which, when Crowns are stak'd, I rule the game.

They

They dance the Sixth Antimasque, being the representation of a Battel.

Mom. Madam, I should censure you, *pro falso clamore*, for preferring a scandalous cross-bill of recrimination against the Gods, but your blindness shall excuse you. Alas! what would it advantage you, if Vertue were as universal as Vice is: it would only follow, that as the world now exclaims upon you for exalting the vicious, it would then rail as fast at you for depressing the vertuous; so they would still keep their tune, though you chang'd their Dirty.

Merc. The mists, in wick future events are wrap'd,
That oft succeed beside the purposes
Of him that works, his dull eyes not discerning
The first great cause, offer'd thy clouded shape
To his enquiring search; so in the dark
The groping world first found thy Deiry;
And gave thee rule over contingencies,
Which, to the piercing Eye of providence,
Being fix'd and certain, where past, and to come
Are always present; thou dost disappear;
Losest thy being, and art not at all.
Be thou then only a deluding Phantome,
At best a blind guide, leading blinder fools;
Who, would they but survey their mutual wants,
And help each other, there were left no room
For thy vain ayd. Wisdom, whose strong-built plots
Leave nought to hazard, mocks thy futile power;
Industrious labour drags thee by the locks,
Bound to his toying Car, and not attending
Till thou dispence, reaches his own reward,

Only the lazy sluggard yawning lies
 Before thy threshold, gaping for thy dole;
 And licks the easie hand that feeds his sloth;
 The shallow, rash, and unadvised man
 Makes thee his state, disburdens all the follies
 Of his mis-guided actions, on thy shoulders.
 Vanish from hence, and seek those Ideots out
 That thy fantastick godhead hath allow'd,
 And rule that giddy superstitious crowd.

Hedone. Pleasure a young woman with a smiling face, in a light lascivious habit, adorn'd with Silver and Gold, her Temples crown'd with a Garland of Roses, and over that a Rainbow circling her head down to her shoulders.

Hedone enters.

Merc. What wanton's this?

Mom. This is the sprightly Lady *Hedone*, a merry Gamester, the people call her pleasure.

Plea The reasons (equal Judges) here alledg'd
 By the dismiss Pretenders, all concur
 To strengthen my just title to the Sphere.
 Honour, or Wealth, or the contempt of both,
 Have in themselves no simple real good,
 But as they are the means to purchase pleasure,
 The paths that lead to my delicious Palace;
 They for my sake, I for mine own am priz'd.
 Beyond me nothing is, I am the Goale,
 The journeys end, to which the sweating world,
 And wearied nature tends. For this, the best
 And wisest sect of all Philosophers

Made

Made me the seat of supreme happiness.
 And though some more austere, upon my ruins
 Did, to the prejudice of Nature, raise
 Some petty low-built vertues, 'twas because
 They wanted wings to reach my soaring pitch;
 Had they been Princes born, themselves had prov'd
 Of all mankind the most luxurious:
 For those delights, which to their low condition
 Were obvious, they with greedy appetite
 Suck'd and devour'd: from Offices of State,
 From cares of Family, Children, Wife, Hopes, Fears,
 Retir'd, the churlish Cynick in his Tub
 Enjoyd those pleasures which his tongue defam'd.
 Nor am I rank'd 'mongst the superfluous goods;
 My necessary Offices preserve
 Each single man, and propagate the kind.
 Then am I universal as the light,
 Or common Air we breath; and since I am
 The general desire of all mankind,
 Civil Felicity must reside in me.
 Tell me what rate my choicest pleasures bear,
 When for the short delight of a poor draught
 Of cheap cold water, great *Lysmachus*
 Rendred himself slave to the Scythians.
 Should I the curious structure of my seats,
 The Art and Beauty of my several Objects,
 Rehearse at large, your bounties would reserve
 For every sense a proper constellation;
 But I present the persons to your Eyes.

Come forth my subtle Organs of delight,
 With changing figures please the curious eye;
 And charm the ear with moving harmony.

*They dance the Seventh Antimasque of the
Five Senses.*

Merc. Bewitching Syren, gilded rottenness,
Thou hast with cunning Artifice display'd
Th' enamel'd out side, and the honied verge
Of the fair cup, where deadly poyson lurks.
Within, a thousand sorrows dance the round :
And like a shell, pain circles thee without,
Grief is the shadow waiting on thy steps,
Which, as thy joys 'gin towards their West decline,
Doth to a Gyants spreading form extend
Thy Dwarfish stature. Thou thy self art pain,
Greedy intense Desire, and the keen edge
Of thy fierce Appetite oft strangles thee,
And cuts thy slender thread, but still the terror
And apprehension of thy hasty end,
Mingles with Gall thy most refined sweets,
Yet thy Circean charms transform the world.
Captains, that have resisted war and death,
Nations, that over fortune have triumph'd,
Are by thy Magick made effeminate.
Empires, that knew no limits but the Poles,
Have in thy wanton lap melted away.
Thou wert the Author of the first excess
That drew this reformation on the gods.
Canst thou then dream, those Powers, that from heaven
Banish'd th' effect, will there enthrone the cause ?
To thy voluptuous Denne, fly Witch from hence,
There dwell, for ever drown'd in brutish sense.

Mom. I concur, and am grown so weary of these
redious pleadings, as Ile pack up too and be gone :
Besides, I see a crowd of other suitors pressing hi-
ther,

ther, I'll stop 'em, take their petitions and prefer
'em above; and as I came in bluntly without
knocking, and no body bid me welcome; so Ile
depart as abruptly without taking leave, and bid
no body farewell.

Merc. These, with forc'd reasons, and strain'd argu-
ments,

Urge vain pretences, whilst your actions plead,
And with a silent importunity
Awake the drowsie justice of the gods
To crown your deeds with immortality.
The growing Titles of your Ancestors,
These Nations glorious Acts, joyn'd to the stock
Of your own Royal vertues, and the clear
Reflex they take from th' imitation
Of your fam'd Court, make Honours story full,
And have to that secure fix'd state advanc'd
Both you and them, to which the labouring world,
Wading through streams of blood, sweats to aspire.
Those antient Worthies of these famous Isles,
That long have slept in fresh and lively shapes
Shall strait appear, where you shall see your self
Cirled with modern Heroes, who shall be
In Act, whatever elder times can boast,
Noble, or Great; as they in Prophecie
Were all but what you are. Then shall you see
The sacred hand of bright Eternity
Mould you to Stars, and fixe you in the Sphere,
To you, your Royal half, to them she'll joyn
Such of this train, as with industrious steps
In the fair prints your vertuous feet have made,
Though with unequal paces, follow you,
This is decreed by Jove, which my return
Shall see perform'd, but first behold the rude

And old Abiders here, and in them view
 The point from which your full perfections grew.
 You naked, antient, wild inhabitants,
 That breath'd this Air, and prest this flowry Earth,
 Come from those shades where dwells eternal night,
 And see what wonders Time hath brought to light.

Atlas, and the Sphere vanished, and a new Scene appears of Mountains, whose eminent height exceed the Clouds which past beneath them, the lower parts were wild and woody: out of this place comes forth a more grave Antimasque of Picts, the natural Inhabitants of this Isle, ancient Scotch and Irish, these dance a Pyrrhica or Martial dance.

When this Antimasque was past, there began to arise out of the earth the top of a hill, which by little and little grew to be a huge Mountain that covered all the Scene; the under part of this was wild and craggy, and above somewhat more pleasant and flourishing: about the middle part of this Mountain were seated the Three Kingdomes of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*; all richly attired in Regal Habits, appropriated to the several Nations, with Crowns on their heads, and each of them bearing the ancient Arms of the kingdoms they there presented: at a distance above these sate a young man in a white embroidered Robe, upon his fair hair an Olive Garland, with wings at his shoulders, and holding in his hand a Cornucopia fill'd with Corn and Fruits, representing the *Genius* of these Kingdoms.

The

The First Song.

GENIUS.

Raise from these Rocky Cliffs your heads,
 Brave Sons, and see where Glory spreads
 Her glittering wings, where Majesty,
 Crown'd with sweet smiles, shoots from her Eye
 Diffusive joy, where good and fair
 United sit in Honours Chair.
 Call forth your aged Priests, and chrystal streams,
 To warm their hearts, and waves in these bright
 beams.

KINGDOMS.

1. From your consecrated woods
 Holy Druids. 2. Silver-floods,
 From your channels fring'd with flowers,
3. Hither move; forsake your bowers,
1. Strew'd with hallowed Oaken leaves,
 Deck'd with Flags and sedge Sheaves,
 And behold a wonder. 3. Say,
 What do your duller Eyes survey?

CHORUS of DRUIDS
and RIVERS.

We see at once in dead of night
 A Sun appear, and yet a bright
 Noon day springing from Star-light.

GENIUS.

*Look up, and see the darkned Sphere
Depriv'd of light, her Eyes shine there.*

CHORUS.

These are more sparkling than those were.

KINGDOMES.

1. *These shed a nobler influence,*
2. *These by a pure intelligence
Of more transcendent vertue move,*
3. *These first feel, then kindle Love,*
1. 2. *From the bosomes they inspire,
These receive a mutual fire ;*
1. 2. 3. *And where their flames impure return,
These can quench as well as burn.*

GENIUS.

*Here the fair victorious Eyes
Make worth only Beauties prize,
Here the hand of Vertue ties
Bout the heart Love's amorous chain,
Captives triumph, Vassals raigue,
And none live here but the slain.
These are th' Hesperian bow'rs, whose fair trees bear
Rich Golden fruit, and yet no Dragon near.*

GENIUS.

*Then, from your impris'ning womb,
Which is the Cradle and the tomb
Of British worthies (fair sonnes) send
A troop of Heroes, that may lend
Their hands to ease this loaden Grove,
And gather the ripe fruits of Love.*

KING.

KINGDOMS.

1. 2. 3. *Open thy stony Entrails wide,
And break old Atlas, that the pride
Of Three Fam'd Kingdomes may be spy'd.*

CHORUS.

*Pace forth thou mighty British Hercules,
With thy choice band, for only thou and these,
May revel here in Loves Hesperides.*

At this the under-part of the Rock opens, and out of a Cave are seen to come the Masquers richly attired like antient Heroes, the Colours, yellow, embroidered with Silver, their antique Helmes curiously wrought and great plumes on the top; before them a troop of young Lords and Noble-mens sons, bearing Torches of Virgin-wax, these were apparelled after the old British fashion in white Coats, embroidered with Silver, girt, and full gathered, cut square collar'd, and round Caps on their Heads, with a white Feather wreathen about them; first these dance with their lights in their hands: after which, the Masquers descend into the room, and dance their entry.

The dance being past, there appears in the further part of the heaven, coming down a pleasant Cloud, bright and transparent, which coming softly downwards before the upper part of the Mountain, embraceth the *Genius*, but so, as through it all his body is seen; and then rising again with a gentle motion bears up the *Genius* of the Three King-

Kingdoms, and being past the Airy Region; pierceth the heavens, and is no more seen: at that instant the Rock with the Three Kingdoms on it sinks, and is hidden in the Earth. This strange spectacle gave great cause of admiration, but especially how so huge a Machine, and of that great height could come from under the Stage, which was but Six foot high.

The Second Song.

KINGDOMS.

1. **H**ere are shapes form'd fit for Heaven,
2. **T**hose move gracefully and even,
3. **H**ere the Ayr and paces meet
 So just, as if the skilful feet
 Had struck the Vials. 1. 2. 3. So the Ear
 Might the tuneful footing bear.

CHORUS.

*And had the Musick silent been,
 The Eye a moving time had seen.*

GENIUS.

*These must in the unpeopled Sky
 Succeed, and govern Destiny,
 Jove is temp'ring purer fire,
 And will with brighter flames attire
 These glorious lights. I must ascend
 And help the work.*

KING.

KINGDOMES.

1. *We cannot lend
Heaven so much Treasure. 2. Nor that pay,
But rendring what it takes away.
Why should they that here can move
So well, be ever fix'd above?*

CHORUS.

*Or be to one eternal posture ty'd,
That can into such various figures slide?*

GENIUS.

*Jove shall not, to enrich the Sky,
Beggard the Earth; their Fame shall fly
From hence alone, and in the Sphere
Kindle new Stars, whilst they rest here.*

KINGDOMS.

1.2.3. *How can the shaft stay in the quiver,
Yet hit the mark?*

GENIUS.

*Did not the River.
Eridanus, the grace acquire
In Heaven and Earth to flow,
Above in streams of Golden fire,
In Silver waves below?*

KINGDOMS.

1.2.3. *But shall not we, now thou art gone
Who wert our Nature, wisher?
Or break that triple Union
Which thy soul held together?*

GENIUS.

*In Concords pure immortal Spring
I will my force renew.
And a more active Vertue bring
At my return. Adieu.*

KINGDOMS *adieu*, CHORUS *adieu*.

The Masquers dance their main dance, which done, the Scene again is varied into a new and pleasant prospect, clean differing from all the other, the nearest part shewing a delicious Garden with several Walks, and parterras set round with low trees, and on the sides against these walks, were Fountains and Grotts, and in the furthest part a Palace, from whence went high Walks upon Arches, and above them open Terraces planted with Cypress trees, and all this together was composed of such Ornaments as might express a Princely Villa.

From hence the *Chorus* descending into the room, goes up to the State.

The Third Song.

By the *Chorus*, going up to the Queenr.

WHilst thus the Darlings of the gods,
From Honours Temple to the shrine
Of Beauty, and these sweet abodes
Of Love, we guide, let thy Divine
Aspects (bright Deity) with fair
And Halcyon beams, becalm the Air,

We

We bring Prince Arthur, or the brave
 St George himself (great Queen) to you;
 You'll soon discern him: and we have
 A Guy, a Beavis, or some true
 Round Table Knight, as ever fought
 For Lady, to each Beauty brought.

Plant in their Martial hands, war's seat,
 Your peaceful pledges of warm snow,
 And, if a speaking touch, repeat
 In Loves known language, tales of woe;
 Say, in soft whispers of the Palm,
 As Eyes shoot Darts, so Lips shed Balm:

For though you seem, like Captives, led
 In triumph by the Foe away,
 Yet on the Conquerors neck you tread,
 And the fierce Victor proves your prey,
 What heart is then secure from you,
 That can, though vanquish'd, yet subdue?

The Song done they retire, and the Masquers
 dance the Revels with the Ladies, which conti-
 nued a great part of the night.

The Revels being past, and the Kings Maje-
 sty seated under the State by the Queen; for con-
 clusion to this Masque there appears coming forth
 from one of the sides, as moving by a gentle
 wind, a great Cloud, which arriving at the middle
 heaven, stayeth; this was of several colours, and
 so great, that it covered the whole Scene: out
 of the further part of the heaven began to break
 forth two other Clouds, differing in colour and
 shape; and being fully discovered, there appeared
 sitting

sitting in one of them, *Religion, Truth* and *Wisdom*. *Religion* was apparelled in White, and part of her face was covered with a light vail, in one hand a Book, and in the other a flame of fire. *Truth*, in a Watchet Robe, a Sun upon her forehead, and bearing in her hand a Palm. *Wisdom* in a Mantle wrought with Eyes and Hands, Golden Rays about her head, and *Apollo's* Cithera in her hand. In the other Cloud sat *Concord, Government* and *Reputation*. The habit of *Concord* was Carnation, bearing in her hand a little faggot of sticks bound together, and on the top of it a Hart, and a Garland of Corn on her head: *Government* was figured in a Coat of Armour, bearing a shield: and on it a *Medusa's* head; upon her head a plumed Helme, and in her right hand a Lance. *Reputation*, a young man in a Purple Robe wrought with Gold, and wearing a Laurel on his head. These being come down in an equal distance to the middle part of the Air, the great Cloud began to break open, out of which broke beams of light; in the midst suspended in the Air, sat *Eternity* on a Globe, his Garment was long, of a light Blue, wrought all over with Stars of Gold, and bearing in his hand a Serpent bent into a Circle, with his Tail in his mouth. In the Firmament about him was a Troop of Fifteen Stars, expressing the stellifying of our British Heroes; but one more great and eminent than the rest, which was over his head, figured His Majesty; and in the lower part afar off was seen the prospect of *Windsor-Castle*, the famous seat

feat of the most Honourable Order of the Garter.

The Fourth Song.

Eternity, Eusebia, Alethia, Sophia, Homonoia;
Dicæarche, Euphemia.

ETERNITY.

BE fix'd you rapid Orbs, that bear
The changing seasons of the year
On your swift wings, and see the old
Decrepid Spheres grown dark and cold;
Nor did Jove quench her fires, these bright
Flames have eclips'd her sullen light;
This Royal Pair, for whom Fate will
Make Motion cease, and Time stand still:
Since Good is here so perfect, as no Worth
Is left for after-ages to bring forth.

EUSEBIA.

Mortality cannot with more
Religious zeal, the gods adore.

ALETHIA.

My Truths from humane Eyes conceal'd
Are naked to their sight reveal'd.

SOPHIA.

Nor do their actions, from the guide
Of my exactest precepts slide.

HOMONOIA.

And as their own pure souls entwin'd
So are their Subjects hearts combin'd,

DICÆ-

DICEARCHE.

*Sejust, so gentle is their sway,
As it seems Empire to obey.*

EUPHEMIA.

*And their fair Fame, like incense burl'd
On Altars, bath persum'd the world.
SO. Wisdom, AL. Truth, EVS. Pure Adoration.
HO. Concord. DL. Rule. EV P. clear Reputation:*

CHORUS.

Crown this King, this Queen, this Nation.

CHORUS.

Wisdom, Truth, &c.

ETERNITY.

*Brave Spirits, whose adventrous feet
Have to the Mountains top aspir'd,
Where fair Desert, and Honour meet
Here, from the toiling Press retir'd,
Secure from all disturbing evil,
For ever in my Temple revel.*

*With wreaths of Stars circled about,
Guild all the spacious Firmament;
And smiling on the panting rout
That labour in the steep ascent,
With your resistless influence guide
Of humane change th' uncertain tide.*

EUS. ALE. SOP.

*But oh you Royal Turtles, shed,
Where you from Earth remove,
On the ripe fruits of your chaste bed,
Those sacred seeds of Love.*

CHORUS.

*Which no power can but yours dispense,
Since you the pattern bear from hence.*

HOM. DIC. EUP.

*Then from your fruitful race shall flow
Endless succession.*

*Scepters shall bud, and Laurels blow
Bout their immortal Throne.*

CHORUS.

*Propitious Stars shall crown each birth,
Whilst you rule them, and they the Earth.*

The Song ended, the Two Clouds with the persons sitting on them ascend, the great Cloud closeth again, and so passeth away overthwart the Scene, leaving behind it nothing but a Serene Sky. After which the Masquers dance their last dance, and the Curtain was let fall.

The names of the Masquers.

The Kings Majesty.

Duke of Lenox.	Lord Fielding.
Earle of Devonshire.	Lord Digby.
Earl of Holland,	Lord Dungarvin.
Earl of Newport.	Lord Dunluce.
Earl of Elgin.	Lord Wharton.
Viscount Grandeson.	Lord Paget.
Lord Rich.	Lord Salterne.

The names of the young Lords and Noble mens Sons.

Lord <i>Walden.</i>	Mr. <i>Thomas Howard.</i>
Lord <i>Cranborn.</i>	Mr. <i>Thomas Egerton.</i>
Lord <i>Brackley.</i>	Mr. <i>Charles Cavendish.</i>
Lord <i>Shaduer.</i>	Mr. <i>Robert Howard.</i>
Mr. <i>Wil. Herbert.</i>	Mr. <i>Henry Spencer.</i>

Some Additional Poems by
the same Author

Ye'lla Mithra

Give not my Calf, but with his

Obey the law of thy law

It is some perfection to waste

Differs, our own wisdom

To be obedient in this sense

Will prove thy Virtue, though obscure

2. Who know but destiny may select

For many virtues have been

Then proving that obedient

To all the gods the thing is in

And then the certainty the means

Reverted is by accident

3. But yet I must confess it much

When we remember what hath been

That parting never more to touch

To let eternal absence in

Though never was our pleasure yet

So pure, but chance distinguished it

4. What, that we then labour to do

Some Additional Poems by
the same Author.

To his Mistress.

1. **G**Rieve not my *Celia*, but with haste
Obey the fury of thy fate,

'Tis some perfection to waste

Discreetly out our wretched state,

To be obedient in this sence

Will prove thy Vertue, though offence.

2. Who knows but destiny may relent,

For many miracles have been,

Thou proving thus obedient

To all the griefs she plung'd thee in ;

And then the certainty she meant

Reverted is by accident.

3. But yet I must confess 'tis much

When we remember what hath been,

Thus parting never more to touch

To let eternal absence in,

Though never was our pleasure yet

So pure, but chance distracted it.

4. What, shall we then submit to fate,

And dye to one anothers love?

No, *Celia*, no, my soul doth hate

Those Lovers that inconstant prove,
Fate may be cruel, but if you decline,
The Crime is yours, and all the glory mine.

Fate and the Planets sometimes bodies part,
But canker'd nature only alters th' heart

In praise of his Mistress.

You, that will a wonder know,

Go with me,

Two Suns in a Heaven of Snow

Both burning be,

All they fire, that do but eye them,

But the Snow's unmelted by them.

2. Leaves of Crimson Tulips met

Guide the way

Where Two Pearly rows be set

As white as day

When they part themselves asunder

She breaths Oracles of wonder.

3. Hills of Milk with Azure mix'd

Swell beneath,

Waving

Waving sweetly, yet still fix'd,
While she doth breathe,

From those hills descends a valley
Where all fall, that dare to dally.

4. As fair Pillars under-stand
Statues Two,

Whiter than the Silver Swan
That swims in Po;

If at anytime they move her
Every step begets a Lover.

5. All this but the Casket is
Which contains

Such a Jewel, as the miss
Breeds endless pains,

That's her mind, and they that know it
May admire, but cannot show it.

To Celia upon Love's Ubiquity.

AS one that strives, being sick, and sick to death
By changing places, to preserve a breath,
A tedious restless breath, removes and tries
A thousand rooms, a thousand policies,

To cozen pain, when he thinks to find ease,
 At last he finds all change, but his disease,
 So (like a Ball with fire and powder fill'd)
 I restless am, yet live, each minute kill'd,
 And with that moving torture must retain
 (With change of all things else) a constant pain,
 Say I stay with you, presence is to me
 Nought but a light to shew my misery,
 And parting are as Racks, to plague love on,
 The further stretch'd, the more affliction.
 Go I to *Holland, France, or furthest Inde,*
 I change but onely Countreys not my mind.
 And though I pass through Air and Water free,
 Despair and hopeless fate still follow me,
 Whilst in the bosome of the waves I reel
 My heart I'll liken to the tottering Keel,
 The Sea to my own troubled fate, the Wind
 To your disdain, sent from a soul unkind:
 But when I lift my sad looks to the skies,
 Then shall I think I see my *Celia's* Eyes,
 And when a Cloud or Storm appears between,
 I shall remember what her frowns have been.
 Thus, whatsoever course my fates allow,
 All things but make me mind my business, you

The good things that I meet I think streams be
 From you the Fountain; but when bad I see
 How vile and cursed is that thing, think I,
 That to such goodness is so contrary?
 My whole life is bout you, the Center star,
 But a perpetual Motion Circular.
 I am the Dials hand, still walking round,
 You are the Compass, and I never sound
 Beyond your Circle, neither can I shew
 Ought, but what first expressed is in you.
 That where'er my Tears do cause me move
 My fate still keeps me bounded with your love;
 Which ere it die, or be extinct in me,
 Time shall stand still, and moist Waves flaming be,
 Yet, being gone, think not on me, I am
 A thing too wretched for thy thoughts to name;
 But when I die, and wish all comforts given,
 Ile think on you, and by you think on heaven.

F I N I S.

